

From The Edinburgh Review.

Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers; to which is added Porsoniana.
London: 1856.

For more than half a century a small house in a quiet nook of London has been the recognized abode of taste, and the envied resort of wit, beauty, learning, and genius. There, surrounded by the choicest treasures of art, and in a light reflected from Guidos and Titians, have sat and mingled in familiar converse the most eminent poets, painters, actors, artists, critics, travellers, historians, warriors, orators, and statesmen of two generations. Under that roof celebrities of all sorts, matured or budding, and however contrasted in genius or pursuit, met as on the table land where (according to D'Alembert) Archimedes and Homer may stand on a perfect footing of equality. The man of mind was introduced to the man of action, and modest merit which had yet its laurels to win, was first brought acquainted with the patron who was to push its fortunes, or with the hero whose name sounded like a trumpet note. It was in that dining-room that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel: that the "Iron Duke" described Waterloo as a "battle of giants;" that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, said, "Mr. Rogers, do you remember a workman at five shillings a day who came in at that door to receive your orders for this work? I was that workman." It was there, too, that Byron's intimacy with Moore commenced over the famous mess of potatoes and vinegar: that Madame de Stael, after a triumphant argument with Mackintosh, was (as recorded by Byron) "well ironed" by Sheridan: that Sydney Smith, at dinner with Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, Wordsworth and Washington Irving, declared that he and Irving, if the only prose-writers, were not the only prosers in the company. It was through that window, opening to the floor and leading through the garden to the Park, that the host started with Sheridan's gifted grand-daughter on "The Winter's Walk" which she has so gracefully and feelingly commemorated. It was in the library above, that Wordsworth,

holding up the original contract for the copyright of *Paradise Lost* (1600 copies for £5), proved to his own entire satisfaction that solid fame was in an inverse ratio to popularity; whilst Coleridge, with his finger upon the parchment deed by which Dryden agreed for the translation of the *Æneid*, expatiated on the advantages which would have accrued to literature, if "glorious John" had selected the *Iliad* and left Virgil to Pope. Whilst these and similar scenes are passing, we can fancy the host murmuring his well-known lines:

"Be mine to listen; pleased but not elate,
Ever too modest or too proud to rate
Myself by my companions, self-compell'd
To earn the station that in life I held."

This house, rich as it was in varied associations, was only completed in 1801 or 1802; but the late owner's intimacy with men and women of note goes back to a long antecedent period. He had been, some years before, proposed at Johnson's club — the club, as it is denominated still — by Fox, seconded by Windham, and (as he fully believed) black-balled by Malone. He had met Condorcet at Lafayette's table in 1789. In the course of a single Sunday at Edinburgh in the same eventful year, he had breakfasted with Robertson, heard him preach in the forenoon, and Blair in the afternoon, taken coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith.

There is surely something more in this position, than the extraordinary prolongation of human life, or than its utility as a connecting link between two or three generations, the point of view in which hitherto it has been almost exclusively considered. It leads naturally and necessarily to reflections on the state of our society, especially in relation to the literary, artistic and intellectual elements, during the last seventy years; and we feel eager to profit by the experience and sagacity of a nonagenarian who has enjoyed such ample opportunities for appreciating mankind. Fortunately Mr. Rogers' mental habits and tendencies strongly disposed and qualified him for turning his length of years to good account. His writings teem with maxims of worldly wisdom, enforced or illustrated by re-

markable incidents, and his conversation was replete with anecdotes selected for the sake of the light they threw on manners, the train of thought they suggested, or the moral they involved. What has been printed of his "table talk" is very far from being in keeping with his character, or on a par with his fame. Indeed, those who form their opinion from such records as the volume before us may be excused for attributing the assiduous court paid him to the caprice of fashion; whilst others, with better materials for judgment, will haply account for the phenomenon by the felicitous combination of long life, ample means, cultivated taste, refined hospitality, and poetic celebrity in one man. Whichever party, the detractors or the admirers, may turn out right, the critical analysis of his life and writings which must precede any honest attempt to adjudicate upon his reputation, cannot fail to be highly instructive; nor will it be found wanting in the leading attractions of literary biography. We therefore propose to review the principal incidents and performances of a life extending over ninety-two of about the most exciting and eventful years of the world's history.

Samuel Rogers was born at Newington Green, on the 30th July, 1763. He was one of a family of six children, three sons and three daughters; he was the third son. The father was an opulent banker, head of the firm carried on till the present year under the name of Rogers, Olding, & Co., 29 Clement's Lane. Prior to his marriage, he was a member of the Church of England; but the influence of his wife speedily effected his conversion to her own creed, the Unitarian; and by the time Samuel was old enough to understand or to be moved by such things the whole family were in regular and rigid attendance on the ministry of the celebrated Dr. Price, the adversary of Burke. The relative importance of the principal dissenting bodies has undergone so sensible a diminution of late years, in social and literary distinction, that it may be difficult for the present generation to form a just estimate of the eminence and influence of the nonconformist community in question. Yet its annals are rich in literary illustration. The names of Defoe, Dr. Watts, Dr. Price, Dr. Rees, Mrs. Barbauld, and Dr. Aikin, with others by no means undistinguished, are indelibly associated with the congregation of

Newington Green; which still flourishes under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Cromwell (of the Protector's family), and still comprises most of the natural and highly respectable connections of the banker-poet, who was undeniably indebted to his Dissenting friends for his first introduction to celebrated people in England, Scotland, and France. Nor was this tie to the primitive nonconformists of his youth altogether dissolved by his excursions into the regions of orthodoxy and fashion. Mr. Rogers was a trustee of the Newington Presbyterian Meeting House from 1790 to his death—a period of sixty-five years; and when the Dissenters' Chapel Bill was before Parliament, he signed a petition in favor of it in that capacity.

According to his own account, Samuel Rogers had every reason to congratulate himself on his parentage, paternal and maternal. His mother, of whom he uniformly spoke as an amiable and very handsome woman, sedulously inculcated kindness and gentleness; whilst his father, who lived till 1793, gave him a good education suited to his intended mode of life, put him in the way of making a fortune, and carefully refrained from thwarting or crossing him in his inclinations or pursuits, although these must frequently have jarred against the Dissenting banker's notions of the fitness of things. On seeing his son taking to poetry and fine company, the old man must have felt like the hen who sees the duckling, which she has hatched as a bird of her own feather, suddenly taking to water; and in his heart, he probably agreed with Lord Eldon, who on hearing that a new poem ("The Pleasures of Memory") had just been published by a young banker, exclaimed "If old Gozzy"—alluding to the head of the firm with which he banked—"ever so much as says a good thing,—let alone writing, I will close my account with him the next morning."

In early boyhood, the future poet's impulse was to start off the course in a diametrically opposite direction. When he and his brothers were called in and asked by the father what professions they wished to follow, Samuel avowed his predilection for that of a preacher; a choice which he explained by his admiration for Dr. Price. "He was our neighbor of Newington Green, and would often drop in to spend the even-

ing with us, in his dressing-gown: he would talk and read the Bible to us till he sent us to bed in a frame of mind as heavenly as his own. He lived much in the society of Lord Lansdowne and other people of rank, and his manners were extremely polished." If the child be father to the man, we must be pardoned for suspecting that the mundane advantages of the divine had at least as much to do with the influence which he exercised over his young admirer, as the truths divine that came mended from his tongue.

The chief part, if not the whole, of Rogers' formal and regular education was received at a Dissenting school at Hackney, where he learnt Latin enough to enable him to read the easier Latin classics with facility. By the time he quitted it, he had got rid of his pulpit aspirations, and he is not recorded to have manifested any marked reluctance to his destination when he was placed in the paternal counting-house, with the view of being in due course admitted a member of the firm. He seems to have begun the serious business of life with the good sense and prudence which never left him; although he was constantly exposed to temptations to which most men of poetical or susceptible temperament would have succumbed. When his solid comforts and his well understood interests were involved, the Dalilahs of fame and fashion, of vanity and sensibility, exhausted their arts on him in vain. He kept his gaze steadily fixed on the main chance. Even when he set up as a poet, he could honestly say, "I left no calling for this idle trade — no duty broke;" and he continued laying the foundations of his ideal edifice of social enjoyment and prosperity, with a patience and precision worthy of the most painstaking and methodical of economists and calculators.

It was his favorite speculation, that the greatest command of worldly happiness was attainable by one who, beginning low on the social ladder, should mount gradually and regularly to the top. It has been invidiously objected that this sounds very like the career of a successful tuft hunter. But Rogers insisted that every step in the ascent should be won honorably, and the sustained gratification was to arise from recognized merit, and would be poisoned by the smallest admixture of conscious unworthiness. Fortunately, he

has himself explained and amplified his theory, in one of the most striking passages in his "Italy":

"All, wherever in the scale,
Have — be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre —
Much to be grateful for; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where Knowledge lights his lamp. . . .
What men most covet, — wealth distinction,
power,

Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. *The reward*
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favor or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle
hands,

And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life."

Thirsting for distinction, he hurried into the lists without adequate preparation, and with ill-fitting and borrowed arms. Man is little less an imitative creature than the monkey or the mocking-bird. He instinctively copies the model that caprice or accident has made popular; and indiscriminately adopts, to the best of his ability, the vice or virtue, the folly or wisdom, the style of dress or the style of writing, that is in vogue. When Rogers started as an author, he was not exempt from this almost universal weakness; and, to explain his poetical development, we must cast a retrospective glance on the poetical productions and literary tendencies of the generation in which he was trained up.

The period in question was the Augustan age of historians and novelists; for within it flourished, in fulness of reputation, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and Goldsmith. The rich mine opened by the essayists beginning with the Tatler and the Spectator, had been worked out, and was virtually abandoned after the termination of the Idler in 1757; whilst a cold shade was flung over poetry by the name and memory of Pope. No school has practically proved more depressing to originality in its followers than his, — despite (perhaps by reason) of his own exquisite fancy, and notwithstanding the encouragement to erratic courses held out to them in the familiar couplet:

"From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Nor have many schools retained their influence longer; for Crabbe was wittily described as "Pope in worsted stockings;" and the spell was not completely broken until the 19th century, when Sir Walter Scott inspired the taste for metrical tales of passion and adventure; an exploit, the honor of which has been claimed for "Christabel" by Coleridge, who borrowed the suggestion from Goethe. Collins and Gray, emboldened by Alexander's Feast and the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, produced some fine lyrical pieces, as the "Ode to the Passions" and "The Bard"; but for more than fifty years after the death of the bard of Twickenham, English poetry ran almost exclusively in the didactic, descriptive, or elegiac line, with an occasional digression into satire. Rogers' avowed favorites were Gray and Goldsmith; and his preference has been justified by posterity. "I used," he said, "to take a pocket edition of Gray's Poems with me every morning during my walks to my father's banking-house, where I was a clerk, and read them by the way. I can repeat them all." On another occasion he exclaimed, "What pleasure I felt on being told that Este (Parson Este) had said of me, 'A child of Goldsmith, Sir.' " This must have been after the publication of the "Pleasures of Memory": for it is curious that Rogers, having first tried his strength in prose, began his poetical career by taking for his prototype the one of these two (Gray and Goldsmith) whose genius was least in harmony with his own, and by imbuing himself with the spirit of what must have been to him the least congenial of Gray's productions.

The to all agreeable, to many intoxicating, sensation of first seeing oneself in print, was experienced by Rogers in 1781, when he contributed eight numbers, under the title of *The Scribbler*, to "The Gentleman's Magazine,"—the same which, under the editorship of Sylvanus Urban (Cave), was the Repository of the earliest efforts of Johnson in the same walk. "He told me," says Boswell, "that when he first saw St. John's Gate, the place where that deservedly popular miscellany was originally printed, he beheld it with reverence." Probably it was Johnsonian influence that gave their peculiar form to Rogers' first attempts at authorship;

for the great lexicographer was amongst the idols of his youth. "My friend Maltby and I," he used to relate, "had a strong desire to see Dr. Johnson; and we determined to call upon him and introduce ourselves. We accordingly proceeded to his house in Bolt Court; and I had my hand on the knocker, when our courage failed us, and we retreated. Many years afterwards I mentioned this circumstance to Boswell, who said, 'What a pity you did not go boldly in! he would have received you with all kindness.' "

Rogers commonly followed up this anecdote with another of the advice he gave, instead of a letter of introduction, to a young friend who was going to Birmingham, and had a similar desire to see Dr. Parr. The advice was to be collected from the result. "Well, what did you do?" was the first question of the traveller on his return. "Exactly as you told me. I knocked boldly at the door, and asked for Dr. Parr. I was shown into a parlor on the ground floor by a servant-maid. When the doctor appeared, I looked steadily at him for a moment, and then said, 'Dr. Parr, I have taken an inexcusable liberty, and I cannot complain if you order me to be kicked out of your house. On seeing your name upon the door, I could not make up my mind to pass the house of the greatest man in Europe without seeing him. I knocked, was admitted, and here I am!' The Doctor seized me by both hands in a kind of transport of welcome, fairly danced me up and down the room, and ended by keeping me to dinner on a roast shoulder of mutton."

Rogers' admiration of Johnson never extended to his style, and the most remarkable features of "The Scribbler" are the correctness and ease of the language. The author of the "Table Talk" has reprinted one of the worst numbers by way of specimen. All are commonplace enough in point of thought and conception, nor would it be difficult to specify the very "Ramblers" or "Idlers" which the writer had in his mind's eye whilst composing them; but the one on "Fashion" is written with a freedom and rythmical flow which are rarely found in essayists of eighteen—

"Whether she (Fashion) heightened with a pencil the vermilion of her cheek, or clothed her limbs with a tight or flowing vest;

whether she collected her ringlets in a knot, or suffered them to hang negligently on her shoulders; whether she shook the dice, waked the lyre, or filled the sparkling glass,—she was imitated by her votaries, who vied with each other in obsequiousness and reverence. All insisted on presenting their offerings; either their health, their fortunes, or their integrity. Though numbers incessantly disappeared, the assembly, receiving continual supplies, preserved its grandeur and its brilliancy. At the entrance I observed Vanity, fantastically crowned with flowers and feathers, to whom the fickle deity committed the initiation of her votaries. These having fluttered as gaily as their predecessors, in a few moments vanished, and were succeeded by others. All who rejected the solicitations of Vanity, were compelled to enter by Ridicule, whose shafts were universally dreaded. Even Literature, Science, and Philosophy were obliged to comply. Those only escaped who were concealed beneath the veil of Obscurity. As I gazed on this glittering scene, having declined the invitation of Vanity, Ridicule shot an arrow from her bow, which pierced my heart: I fainted, and in the violence of my agitation awaked."

To judge from the type in which they were printed, and the places assigned to them in the columns of Mr. Sylvanus Urban, that practiced judge of literary merit appears to have attached no great value to the lucubrations of "The Scribbler," and they were discontinued after September, 1781. The author of the "Table Talk" states that he was present when Mr. Rogers tore to pieces, and threw into the fire, a manuscript operatic drama, the "Vintage of Burgundy," which he had written early in life. "He told me he offered it to a manager, who said, 'I will bring it on the stage if you are determined to have it acted, but it will certainly be damned.'" Unless this drama was composed wholly or in part between 1781 and 1786, we must conclude that this interval was employed in preparing for his first public appearance as a poet, which was not unlikely, considering the amount of *lame labor et mora* that he was wont to devote to his compositions. The "Ode to Superstition, with some other Poems," was published in 1786. It was an eighteenpenny quarto of twenty-six pages, after the fashion of the times, when the eye was relieved by "rivulets of text running through meadows of margin." He is reported as saying: "I wrote it

whilst in my teens, and afterwards touched it up. I paid down to the publisher £30 to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years, I found that he had sold about twenty copies. However, I was consoled by reading in a critique on the Ode that I was 'an able writer' or some such expression."

Whoever lived much with him will remember, that any reference to the "Ode," was the inevitable prelude to the production of the volume containing the critique,—the "Monthly Review," December, 1786. It began thus:—"In these pieces we perceive the hand of an able master. The Ode to Superstition is written with uncommon boldness of language and strength of diction. The author has collected some of the most striking historical facts, to illustrate the tyranny of the demon he addresses, and has exhibited them with the fire and energy proper to lyric poetry. The following stanzas are particularly excellent." The reviewer then quotes, without remarking the resemblance, the very stanzas or strophes which are most palpably imitated from Gray's Bard. Dryden's magnificent lyrical burst was also copied in parts, and the result recalls the fable of the ambitious frog, or reminds us of "all the contortions of the Sybil without one particle of her inspiration." Almost the only lines which do not creak, groan and tremble with the strain, or which bear token of his subsequently matured preference for simple uninverted language, are the following:

"Hark! who mounts the sacred pyre,
Blooming in her bridal vest:
She hurls the torch! she fans the fire!
To die is to be blest.
She clasps her lord to part no more,
And sighing, sinks! but sinks to soar."

"Thou spak'st, and lo! a new creation glowed.
Each unheaven mass of living stone
Was clad in horrors, not its own,
And at its base the trembling nations bowed.
Giant Error, darkly grand,
Grasped the globe with iron hand."

The wonder is, that whilst imitating Gray, Rogers was not irresistibly and exclusively attracted by the "Elegy." One would have thought that Rogers, of all others, would have been fascinated by the exquisite finish and sober grace of that incomparable performance. But it was easier to mimic the clamor of the dithyrambic ode than to catch the

pathos and simplicity of the "Elegy" or the "Ode to Eton College."

Mr. Rogers' compositions down to this time, both in verse and prose, leave the impression that he was extremely anxious to write without having anything to write about. He had sharpened and polished his tools, and had acquired no slight dexterity in the use of them, but materials were altogether wanting. He had laid up no stock of thought, sentiment, or observation worthy of being worked up or moulded into form; and his attempts to compensate for this deficiency by artificial fire, borrowed movements, and forced enthusiasm, proved about as successful as those of the German baron who jumped over the chairs and tables to acquire vivacity. Rogers, however, was not to be dispirited by failure. He at length hit upon the right vein, and from the moment he discovered that he was destined to excel by grace, elegance, subdued sentiment, and chastened fancy — not by fervid passion, lofty imagination, or deep feeling, — his poetic fortune was made.

During the six years that elapsed before he again ventured into print, he visited Paris and Edinburgh, conversed with some who were acting as well as with those who were writing history, and indefinitely extended his knowledge of books, of external nature, of social systems, and of mankind. The first-fruits were the "Pleasures of Memory," published with the name of the author in 1792.

The epoch was fortunately hit upon or judiciously chosen. The old school was wearing out, and the new had not commenced. The poem struck into the happy medium between the precise and conventional style, and the free and natural one. The only competitor formidable from newly acquired popularity, was Cowper. Crabbe's fame was then limited: Darwin never had much: and Burns, incomparably the greatest poetic genius of his generation (1759-1796), was not appreciated in England in his lifetime, or something better than an exciseman's place would have been bestowed upon him. We are therefore not surprised at the immediate success of Rogers' second and better calculated experiment on the public taste. Yet with undeniable merits of a higher order, it had little of the genuine inspiration of original genius. The strongest proof of its deficiency in this respect is that, although it has long taken its place as an English classic, none of

its mellifluous verses or polished images are freshly remembered, like "The coming events cast their shadows before," of Campbell: or the "O, woman in our hours of ease," of Scott; or the "O, ever thus from childhood's hour," of Moore; or the "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," of Byron; or the "Creature not too bright or good," of Wordsworth. Any zealous admirer of these writers will be ready at any moment to justify his or her admiration, by quoting passage after passage. Where is the zealous admirer of Rogers' poetry, who feels qualified, without adequate preparation, to recite six consecutive lines from the "Pleasures of Memory?" Yet the most cursory reader will light upon many passages of great elegance of expression, impaired by unmeaning antithesis and incessant alliteration, and seldom relieved by originality of thought or novelty of metaphor. The commencement, and indeed almost everything rural or pastoral in the poem, is too redolent of Goldsmith; and in minute description Rogers provokes compromising comparisons with Crabbe; but he has never been excelled in the art of blending fancy and feeling with historic incident and philosophical reflection, as in the passage beginning:

"So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away."

The next line is spoiled by an inversion, and we pass on to —

"Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts
inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of
youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence homefelt pleasure prompts the Patriot's
sigh,
This makes him wish to live and dare to die.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart:
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart;
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the
gale,
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell."

The fondness for alliteration displayed in this poem attracted the attention of the critics; and Rogers used to say that a proposed emendation in the second of the following lines, which form the commencement of the second part, was the best suggestion he ever received from a reviewer:

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail."

The critic's suggestion was that, to complete the alliteration, the line should stand thus :

"Oft up the stream of Time I turn my tail."

The "Pleasures of Memory" ends thus :

"Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine :
Thought and her shadowy brood thy will obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway ;
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die ;
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away !
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

These are the lines which Mackintosh, thereby giving the measure of his own poetic feeling, used to say were equal to the closing lines of the "Dunciad." This was like saying that Virgil's apostrophe to Marcellus is equal to Homer's battle of the gods, the style being essentially distinct ; and the only real question is, whether any given degree of grace or sentiment can be placed on a level with the corresponding degree of grandeur or sublimity. We are by no means sure that, if it were necessary to challenge a comparison with Pope, we should not rather rely on one of the passages in which Rogers, by dint of finely-shaded language and felicitous illustration, invests the description of a familiar phenomenon in mental philosophy with the most seductive charms of sensibility and poetry. For example :

"Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined ?
When age has quenched the eye, and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise — with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view ;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast ;
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light,
So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries ;

Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose."

Why verses like these should have failed to lay fast and durable hold on the public imagination, is a problem well worthy of critical examination. The most plausible solution is suggested by their want of simplicity and spontaneity. Their linked sweetness is too long and elaborately drawn out for such a purpose ; and the very symmetry and artistic finish of a production may militate against its general popularity. When Campbell complained to James Smith of not having been included in the "Rejected Addresses," he was politely assured that to parody his poetry was as impossible as to caricature his handsome and regular features. "I should like to be amongst them for all that," was his remark ; and he was right, if he valued notoriety as well as solid fame ; for what cannot be parodied will not be so often quoted, nor so freshly remembered. In the preface to the annotated edition of the "Rejected Addresses," Rogers and Campbell are placed on the same footing, and their common exclusion is justified on the same complimentary principle. To "The Pleasures of Memory," in addition to the invaluable service which it rendered literature by its purity of language and chasteness of tone, which immediately became the objects of improving imitation and elevating rivalry, must be assigned the honor of having suggested "The Pleasures of Hope."

Rather more than another lustrum was to elapse before Rogers had hived up enough for another publication. His "Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems," appeared in 1798. The "Epistle" is a vehicle for conveying, after the manner of Horace and (in parts) of Pope, the writer's notions of social comfort and happiness, as dependent upon, or influenced by, the choice of residence, furniture, books, pictures, and companions, — subjects on all of which he was admirably qualified to speak. His precepts are delivered in a series of graceful couplets, and enforced by authorities collected in the notes. Of course, he is all for modesty, simplicity, and retirement, — what poet or poetaster is not ? — with about the same amount of practical earnestness as Grattan, when he declared he could be content in a

small neat house, with cold meat, bread and beer, *and plenty of claret*; or as a couple from May Fair, who, when they talk of love in a cottage, are dreaming of a cottage like the dairy-house at Taymouth or Cashiobury. All Rogers wanted, was to be able to enjoy every pleasure or luxury he really cared about; and as he did not care about a numerous establishment or a large house, the model villa to which he invites his friend is of restricted dimensions —

"Here no state chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold:
Yet modest ornament with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires."

This strikes us to be what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*. Like the Presbyterian divine who, after praying that all the lady of the manor's desires might be gratified, judiciously added, "provided they be virtuous" — Rogers should have added "provided they be limited." The spendthrift who complained there was no living in England like a gentleman under forty thousand a year, would not have led a life of satisfied desires, with small change of scene, or small space to disport in.

Nothing in their way can be better than the fourteen lines in which the poet inculcates the wise doctrine, that engravings and copies from the best pictures and statues are far preferable to mediocre or second-rate originals. The ornaments of the rustic bath, also, are happily touched off, and the "Description of Winter" is marked by the same delicate fancy which is displayed in the "Rape of the Lock" on a different class of phenomena:

"When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow:
His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings,
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves, —
Thy muffled friend his nectarine wall pursues" —

There is no disputing the eye for nature which fixed and carried off the image of the silvery foliage woven on the white pane. At one of his Sunday breakfasts, he had quoted

with decided commendation Leigh Hunt's couplet on a fountain (in "Rimmi"), — also selected by Byron as one of the most poetical descriptions of a natural object he was acquainted with:

"Clear and compact, till at its height o'er run,
It shakes its loos'ning silver in the sun."

"I give my vote (said one of the guests) for

"O'er the white pane its silvery foliage weaves." —

And Rogers looked for a moment as if he were about to re-enact Parr's reception of the flattering visitor at Birmingham.

Fourteen years elapsed between the publication of the "Epistle to a Friend," and "Columbus," which formed part of a new edition of his poems in 1812, and was followed by "Jacqueline" in 1814. We look upon both these productions as mistakes, especially the first, which is a kind of fragmentary epic, and deals with topics requiring the highest order of imagination to invest them with fitting grandeur and interest. When chasms are left in the narrative, and an author only professes to open glimpses into the past or the future, he can claim no allowance for Homeric slumbers, — for tameness of diction, or for extravagance of invention. Each detached scene or picture should be complete in its way, for the very reason that it is detached. Rogers, however, has done little more than versify, with less than his usual attention to metre and rhythm, the well-known events in the lives and adventures of Columbus and his companions, interspersed with imitations of Dante, Virgil, and Euripides. His machinery is an unhappy medium between Pope's and Milton's; and when he made an American deity, or angel of darkness, hight Merion, rise "in pomp of plumage," in the shape of a condor, to descend and "couch on Roland's ample breast" in the shape of a vampire, he delivered himself, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the scorner. How he could have read over the following passage of "The Argument," without becoming aware of his danger, would be a mystery to us were we less familiar with the weakness of authors when their offspring is concerned:

"Alarm and despondence on board. He (Columbus) resigns himself to the care of Heaven, and proceeds on his voyage. Mean-

while the deities of America assemble in council, and one of the Genii, the gods of the islanders, announces his approach. 'In vain,' says he, 'have we guarded the Atlantic for ages. A mortal has baffled our power; nor will our votaries arm against him. Yours are a sterner race. Hence, and while we have recourse to stratagem, do you array the nations round your altars, and prepare for an exterminating war.' They disperse *while he is yet speaking*, and in the shape of a Condor, he directs his flight to the fleet. His journey described. He arrives there."

We wish we could add that the conception is redeemed or exalted by the execution; but the perusal of the poem is rendered positively disagreeable by the breaks, the obscurity, and the constant straining after effect. The most successful contrivance is the use made of the trade-winds; the water-spouts of the New World, also, are felicitously introduced:

"And see the heavens bow down, the waters rise,
And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies,
That stand, and still when they proceed, retire,
As in the desert burned the sacred fire,
Moving in silent majesty, — till Night
Descends and shuts the vision from their sight."

The scorner speedily came forth in the guise of a candid friend. The late Lord Dudley (then Mr. Ward) reviewed "Columbus" in the "Quarterly Review" in a tone of calculated depreciation, made more incisive by the affectation of respect. The poet's feelings may be fancied when he read the polished quiz upon his deities and his condor, and was asked, "what but extreme haste and carelessness could have occasioned the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory' to mistake for verse such a line as:

"There silent sate many an unbidden guest"

This line will not be found in the later editions, but the two following are in the last:

"And midway on their passage to eternity."
(Canto 1.)

"That world a prison-house, full of sights of woe."
(Canto 12.)

Nor would Rogers have shown much indulgence for couplets like these by another:

"Right through the midst, when fetlock deep in gore,
The great Gonzalvo battled with the Moor."

"He said, he drew: then at his master's frown,
Sullenly sheath'd, plunging the weapon down."

The first of these might lead a superficial or ill-informed reader to suppose that the great Gonzalvo was a Centaur; and the second is much like saying:

"Swallowed the loaf, gulping each morsel down."

Ward had greatly aggravated his offence by communicating with his intended victim on the subject of the criticism during its composition; and he well merited the characteristic retaliation which it provoked:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

According to the author of the "Table Talk," Rogers confessed to having written this epigram, "with a little assistance from Richard Sharp." One day, he adds, while Rogers was on bad terms with Ward, Lady D. said to him, "Have you seen Ward lately?" "What Ward?" "Why, our Ward, of course." "Our Ward! — you may keep him all to yourself."

Ward was not a man to be behindhand in this kind of contest; and his adversary's cadaverous complexion afforded as ample material for jocularity as his own alleged want of heart. Indeed, Jack Bannister remarked that more good things had been said and written on Rogers' face than on that of the greatest beauty. It was Ward who asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it was the same sympathizing companion who, when Rogers repeated the couplet,

"The robin, with his furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance,"

struck in with, "If it had been a carrion crow, he would have looked you full in the face."

Mackintosh made a gallant effort in this Review (No. 43, Nov. 1813) to neutralize the corrosive sublimate of Ward's article; but impartial opinion concurred in the main with the less favorable judgment, and even the Vision (Canto 12), which both agreed in praising, is not free from the prevalent faults of the poem, — obvious effort, abruptness, and obscurity.

Matters were not much improved by the publication, two years later (1814), of "Jacqueline," in the same volume with "Lara," which suggested the notion of an innocent maiden choosing a high-bred rake for her travelling companion. If she pre-

served her virtue, she was tolerably sure to lose her reputation ; and

"Pretty Miss Jacqueline,
With her nose aquiline,"

afforded fine sport to the wits and to her noble yoke-fellow amongst the rest. The "Corsair" had already got his Kaled, a young lady who did not stand upon trifles and wore small clothes. How in a corrupt age, could Jacqueline hope to obtain a preference by dint of the gentle virtues, even though

"Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted;
Like music, to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes, — how eloquent !
Ask what they would, 't was granted."

Some years since, a story got about touching an application from an American lady of distinction for a ball-ticket for a female friend who was staying with her. The request was politely declined, and the applicant wrote to express her surprise at the slight put upon a young lady "who, in her own country, was more in the habit of granting favors than of asking them." "She must be like my Jacqueline," said Rogers, when he heard the story ; "for Byron would always have it that the line —

"Ask what they would, 't was granted," did not necessarily refer to her eyes."

We had some hopes of Jacqueline, when she left her paternal abode at midnight "a guilty thing and full of fears," or she might have made a sensation by getting drowned, like Lord Ullin's daughter, when

"One lovely arm was stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover."

But when, after so much preliminary weeping and melancholy, it turns out that her departure was *pour le bon motif*, and that D'Arcay's intentions were all along honorable : when she returns safe and sound, in person and reputation, hanging on the arm of a young husband, to ask and obtain an aged father's blessing, — readers, with palates vitiated by more stimulating food, might be excused for exclaiming like Sheridan when the servant threw down the plate-warmer without damage to its contents : "Why, — it, sir, have you made all that noise for nothing ?"

Rogers was, but we really think had no great cause or right to be, very angry at the brief notice taken of this poem in Mr. George Ellis' review of the "Corsair" and "Lara"

(in the "Quarterly Review," vol. II. p. 428), as "the highly refined, but somewhat insipid, pastoral tale of 'Jacqueline.'" Lady Byron is reported to have told Rogers in 1851, at Brighton, that her liege lord, on reading Ellis' article, had said, "The man's a fool. 'Jacqueline' is as superior to 'Lara,' as Rogers is to me." We might suspect a double meaning in these words, as in Porson's remark that "Madoc will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten." But Lord Byron had said nearly the same thing in the preface to the joint publication ; and in his Diary of Nov. 23, 1813 (published by Moore), after saying that "Scott is undoubtedly the monarch of Parnassus, and the most English of bards," he continues : "I should place Rogers next in the living list. I value him more, as the last of the best school ; Moore and Campbell both third." At the same time, he could hardly have helped seeing that "Jacqueline" did not belong to the best school (Pope's) ; and that to couple this poem with "Lara" was as suicidal or self-sacrificing an act in Rogers, as Byron would have committed, had he consented to print his "Hints from Horace" (which he himself originally preferred to "Childe Harold") in the same volume with "Human Life."

In "Human Life," published in 1819, Rogers was himself again. In it and by it, in our opinion, his genius, if not his fame, reached the culminating point. His subject, or rather range of subjects, exactly suited him ; and in this, the masterpiece of his matured powers, he occasionally combines the worldly wisdom of Horace, the glancing philosophy of Pope, the tender melancholy of Goldsmith, and Cowper's mastery over domestic scenes and affections, with an elevation and comprehensiveness of view which have been rarely, if ever, attained by either of them. The similarity in parts to Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is certainly striking ; but the common character of the subject, and the widely different style of versification, completely repel all suspicion of plagiarism.

Nothing can be happier than the rapid introductory sketch of the four epochs — the birth, the coming of age, the marriage, and the death, of the proprietor of the old manor-house ; for example :

"And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees,

Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,

In every cottage porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene.

While her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil, the gentle bride."

Spenser himself never painted with words more distinctly ; though when the Faery Queen was read aloud to an old lady deprived of sight, she remarked that it was as if a succession of pictures had been held up before her. Admirably, again, is indicated that instinctive sense of immortality, — that vague longing for something better than the evanescent realities of life, — by which the noblest minds are stimulated and disturbed unceasingly. We refer the reader to the passage beginning —

"Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives, the glorious vision flies.
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty, pictured in his mind."

The expansion and effusion of heart, with the delicious interchange of thought and feeling, which follow the acceptance of the lover by his future wife, are thus described :

"Then come those full confidings of the past ;
All sunshine now, where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other ; and when night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are !

O when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,

Far above singing ! but soon nothing stirs
To break the silence, joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words. And now the shadows close,

Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows

Less and less earthly ! As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a spirit from heaven."

Schiller takes the comparatively prosaic view of marriage, as the death of sentiment, and the grave of romance.* Rogers strikes into a more original and (all things considered) perhaps truer vein. At least for the credit of poor human nature, we will hope so. He bids the young bridegroom to regard his bride, as "a guardian angel o'er his life presiding ;" and warns both of them in

lines that deserve to be written in letters of gold over every hearth, that —

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly,
pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

As we proceed from love and marriage to the closing scene, the death-bed, our admiration is still, with few pauses or interruptions, on the ascending scale :

"When on his couch he sinks at last to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redress'd,

Come and stand round — the widow and her child,

As when she first forgot her tears and smiled.
They who watch by him see not, but he sees,
Sees and exults — Were ever dreams like these ?

Those who watch by him, hear not ; but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears !"

The four concluding lines are genuine poetry. They will bear any test or criterion, and will fare best by being tried by Wordsworth's — the extent to which the imagination blends itself with the scene supposed to be passing, and realizes it to the mind's eye.

The first part of "Italy" was published anonymously in 1822 ; and the secret must have been tolerably well kept for a period, since the "Literary Gazette" confidently attributed the authorship to Southey. The poem was subsequently completed at intervals ; and in its finished state, offers a rich repast to the scholar, the virtuoso, and the lettered traveller. No one would have exclaimed more enthusiastically, or with less call for factitious warmth, than Rogers : "Far from me, and my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue ;" and, go where he would, his memory was stored with every description of image or incident, that could evoke or harmonize with, the genius of the place.

There is a great deal more to see and feel in Italy, than objects or impressions that the classic student can alone, or best, appreciate. She has been three times the mistress of the world, — by Arms, by Art, by Faith ; and her mediæval annals teem with the genuine

* "Mit dem Gurtel, mit dem Schleier,
Reisist der schöne Wahn entweilt."
(Das Lied von der Glocke.)

romance of history. Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, — each of these names opens a separate treasure-house of associations; and to enjoy and fully profit by his tour, the traveller should have read Guicciardini, Giannone, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Vasari, besides Pliny, Horace, and Virgil; to say nothing of a trained eye for the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Rogers had enough of all for an accomplished traveller, and perhaps more than enough for the poet who was to celebrate what he saw. His mind was obviously overlaid by his acquired knowledge: his invention was stifled by his memory: when he wished to record an impression, he involuntarily reverted to what an admired author had said on the same subject; and we strongly suspect that what really charms so many cultivated readers of this poem, is that they so frequently find their favorite passages reproduced with a certain air of novelty. Thus the fine passage beginning

"O Italy, how beautiful thou art!"

recalls Filicaja's famous sonnet; and

"The very dust we tread, stirs as with life,"
comes too near

"Pause, for thy tread is on a nation's dust."

His reflections on entering Rome are tame for poetry, and will not bear a comparison with Alison's (in his "Essay on Taste"), although conveyed in the humbler vehicle of prose. Rogers is more at home in the Campagna of Rome, at Venice, on approaching Genoa from the sea, or on the Alps, in ascending and descending which he is inspired with what strikes us as the finest and truest of his descriptive passages.

"Italy" was the last of Rogers' formal and deliberate appeals to the public; although down to his ninetieth year he occasionally wrote verses, and, whilst his mental powers lasted, he was unceasingly occupied in polishing his couplets and correcting or enriching his notes. A bear keeping itself alive by sucking its paws, was suggested as a parallel case, and was repeated to him. The real culprit, on being charged with the simile, coolly assigned it to Luttrell, who laughingly consented to accept it "with its responsibilities;" and it is by no means a bad illustration of the manner in which Rogers coddled and dandled his literary productions and reputation to the last. The result is that he has left in the shape of notes, or episodic narratives (like Lontorio, and the Bag of Gold, in "Italy"), the choicest collection of anecdotes and quotations, and some of the most exquisite pieces

of prose composition in the language. Where do we find more happily expressed than in the introductory paragraphs of "Marco Griffoni," a train of reflection which recent events have forced upon mankind all the world over?

"War is a game at which all are sure to lose, sooner or later, play they how they will; yet every nation has delighted in war, and none more in their day than the little republic of Genoa, whose galleys, while she had any, were always burning and sinking those of the Pisans, the Venetians, the Greeks, or the Turks: Christian and Infidel alike to her.

"But experience, when dearly bought, is seldom thrown away altogether. A moment of sober reflection came at last: and after a victory the most splendid and ruinous of any in her annals, she resolved from that day and for ever to live at peace with all mankind; having in her long career acquired nothing but glory, and a tax on every article of life."

Mackintosh used to cite the short essay on "National Prejudices" in "Italy," as perfect both in thought and style. The following paragraphs will enable the reader to estimate the justness of this commendation. The immediate topic is the prevalence of assassination at Rome:

"It would lessen very much the severity with which men judge of each other, if they would but trace effects to their causes, and observe the progress of things in the moral as accurately as in the physical world. When we condemn millions in the mass as vindictive and sanguinary, we should remember that, wherever justice is ill-administered, the injured will redress themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery: murder to assassination. Resentments become hereditary; and what began in disorder, ends as if all hell had broke loose.

"Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment; and, as the infliction is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity. The laws are offended; and the community for its own sake pursues and overtakes the offender; often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.

"Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate; and, when at length they venture to turn against their rulers, we should lament, not wonder at their excesses; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one."

One of Rogers' peculiar fancies was that all the best writers might be improved by

condensation; and it was vain to warn him that to strip Jeremy Taylor or Burke of what he called redundancies overlaying the sense, was like stripping a tree of its blossoms and foliage, with the view of bringing out the massive roundness of the trunk. "There," he exclaimed one evening, after displaying one of Burke's noblest effusions (in which every word has its appointed task) reduced to less than one half of its original dimensions, — "there, concentrated as it now is, it would blow up a cathedral." "Not," he added after a short pause, "that Burke would like it to be used for such a purpose." In a note to the last canto of "Columbus," may be seen a specimen of this system of condensation: the famous passage in which the Angel addresses Lord Bathurst, being reduced to little more than a *caput mortuum*. It was a constant source of triumph to him that he had told within the compass of a moderate paragraph, an anecdote to which Wordsworth devotes twenty-three lines of verse, and Mr. Milnes twenty-eight. It stands thus in Rogers' prose version:

"You admire that picture, said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life. I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years; and such are the changes which have taken place among us — so many have come and gone in the time — that, when I look upon the company there — upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are — I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they are the shadows." (*Italy*, p. 312.)

There was one consequence of having printed his best anecdotes, to which Rogers submitted reluctantly. He was loth to surrender the privilege of relating them; and he was comically perplexed between the pleasure of having told what was accepted as new by the company, and his disappointment at finding that his cherished notes had been forgotten or never read at all. "You don't seem to know where that comes from," became at last his too frequent reproach to a friend, who knew all his notes by heart, yet listened to them with an air of interest. "I will show you whether I do or not," was the rejoinder; and during their two or three next meetings, he invariably gave the reference to each story as it was told. Rogers could not bear this, and a compromise was effected; he agreeing to give his auditor credit for the knowledge which had only been suppressed from courtesy.

A portion of the "parting word" which he addressed to the readers of "Italy," will form an apt introduction to our remarks on those features of his character and elements

of his reputation which must be learnt and studied apart from, and independently of, his writings:

"Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values;
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And what transcends them all, a noble action.
Nature denied him much, but gave him more;
And ever grateful should he be,
Though from his cheek, ere yet the down was there,
Health fled; for in his heaviest hours would come
Gleams such as come not now; nor failed he then,
(Then and through life his happiest privilege)
Full oft to wander where the Muses haunt,
Smit with the love of song."

Nature did not give him a passionate love for anything, animate or inanimate:

"Not his the wealth to some large natures lent
Divinely lavish, even when misspent;
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole."

What she gave him — and a rich endowment it is — was an exquisite sensibility to excellence, or (what is nearly the same thing) the power of deriving gratification from the most refined objects of human enjoyment: and he devoted his long life to the cultivation of this faculty till it reached the highest degree of perfection to which taste, without enthusiasm and cultivated with an Epicurean aim, can be deemed capable of attaining.

So striking a confirmation of our own theory of his character has just reached us from an accomplished friend, who knew and loved him, that we are tempted to quote a part of it: — "I believe no man ever was so much attended to and thought of, who had so slender a fortune and such calm abilities. His God was Harmony; and over his life Harmony presided, sitting on a lukewarm cloud. He was *not* the poet, sage, and philosopher people expect to find he was; but a man in whom the tastes (rare fact) preponderated over the passions, who defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for the gratification of their passions. He did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers as a baby never fell down unless he was pushed; but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached the place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet. He must always have preferred a lullaby to the merriest game of romps; and, if

he could have spoken, would have begged his long clothes might be made of fine mull muslin instead of cambric or jacquet; the first fabric being of incomparable softness, and the two latter capable of that which he loathed, starch."

Everything around and about him spoke the same language and told the same story. The voluminous catalogue of his accumulations has been recently perused by thousands: and his treasures have been laid bare for weeks to the inspection of connoisseurs under every disadvantage of confusion; yet (making due allowance for things, which, if they ever belonged to him, had been flung aside into drawers or cupboards,) the universal impression has been astonishment at the judgment, knowledge, forbearance, and eye for beauty throughout the whole range of art, displayed by the collector. It was said of a celebrated lawyer, that he had no rubbish in his head: it might have been said of Rogers (judging only from what met the eye) that he had no rubbish in his house. Varied as were his stores, they were not heaped one upon another, or thrown into incongruous heaps: his pictures statues, bronzes, vases, medals, curious books, and precious manuscripts, simply supplied the place of the ordinary ornamental furniture of a gentleman's house; and there was nothing beyond their intrinsic excellence to remind the visitor that almost every object his eye fell upon was a priceless gem, a coveted rarity, or an acknowledged masterpiece. In this respect, as in most others, the superiority of the tenant of 22 St. James' Place to the fastidious lord of Strawberry Hill, shone conspicuous.

It should also be remembered that Rogers was at no time overburdened with superfluous wealth; and that sixty years since the patronage of art and literature was confined to the most opulent of our nobles and landed gentry; who devoted their thousands per annum to furnish a gallery with the same indiscriminating prodigality with which their less polished compeers proceeded to form a racing stud. There were no railway kings, or Liverpool merchants, or Manchester manufacturers, to bid for Wilsons and Gainsboroughs, as they now bid for the productions, as fast as they can be finished, of Landseer, Leslie, Millais, Mulready, Hart, Roberts, Stansfield, or Maclise; nor under any circumstances, would it be easy to overestimate the beneficial influence of a judge and occasional purchaser, like Mr. Rogers, mingling familiarly with artists, distinguishing genuine originality from its plausible counterfeit, encouraging the first faint struggles of modest merit, and controlling the extravagance into which genius is too often

hurried by its characteristic rashness or self-confidence. Although his limited house-room and fortune commonly restricted his personal acquisitions to objects of known value, he had an almost unerring eye for coming success and celebrity. "I envy and admire your courage in buying Turners," was his remark to Mr. Munro of Novar, when that gentleman, in well-founded reliance on his own taste and knowledge, ventured to anticipate the verdict of posterity and Mr. Ruskin.

The impression left on guests of taste, refinement, and sensibility is admirably described in the following lines by one of the most courted and esteemed of them:

"Who can forget, who at thy social board
Hath sat, and seen the pictures richly stored,
In all their tints of glory and of gloom,
Brightening the precincts of thy quiet room;
With busts and statues full of that deep grace
Which modern hands have lost the skill to
trace;

Fragments of beauty, perfect as thy song
On that sweet land to which they did
belong, —

Th' exact and classic taste by thee displayed;
Not with a rich man's idle fond parade,
Not with the pomp of some vain connoisseur,
Proud of his bargains, of his judgment sure;
But with the feelings kind and sad, of one
Who thro' far centuries wandering hath gone,
And brought away dear keepsakes, to remind
His heart and home of all he left behind."*

Among his "fragments of beauty," were some female hands and feet in marble, carefully preserved under glass cases which it was treason to remove. One evening after dinner, when the male guests rejoined the ladies in the drawing room, a beauty in the full flush of rank and fashion, whose lightest caprice was law, called to him to come and look at her feet, and he was not a little amused to find that she had disposed a pair of his marble models under her drapery so as to make them occupy the place of her own feet; and (barring nudity and immobility) they might have realized the tempting vision of Suckling:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

The illustrated edition of "Italy" was, we believe, the first instance in which (since *Boydell's* time) first class artists were engaged without regard to expense for such a purpose. It was speedily followed by a corresponding edition of the "Poems"; and every succeeding reprint of Rogers' works has been enriched by engravings or vignettes

* *The Dream*, and other Poems. By the Honorable Mrs. Norton; p. 180.

from drawings or designs by the first modern English painters, including Edwin Landseer, Eastlake, Turner, Stothard, and Calcott. Many of these are quite perfect in their way; and the author superintended the preparation of these illustrations with the same care with which he polished his own verses. The two first illustrated editions of "Italy" and the "Poems" cost the author about £15,000, and there was a period when the speculation threatened to be a losing one. Turner was to have received £50 apiece for his drawings, but on its being represented to him that Rogers had miscalculated the probable returns, the artist (who has been ignorantly accused of covetousness) immediately offered to take them back; and it was eventually arranged that he should do so, receiving £5 apiece for the use of them.

Rogers' musical taste was a natural gift, the result of organization, and partook very slightly of the acquired or conventional quality. He delighted in sweet sounds, in soft flowing airs, in tunes linked with pleasing associations, and in simple melodies, rather than in complicated harmonies. He would have agreed with the critic, who on being informed that a brilliant performance just concluded was extremely difficult, ejaculated, "I wish it had been impossible." Amongst Italian composers, Bellini was his favorite. Although he was a constant attendant at the concerts of Ancient and Sacred music, he had slight relish for the acknowledged masterpieces of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart. When he dined at home and alone, it was his custom to have an Italian organ-grinder playing in the hall, the organ being set to the Sicilian Mariners' air and other popular tunes of the South. He kept nightingales in cages on his staircase and in his bedroom, closely covered up from the light, to sing to him. The morning was the time when he enjoyed music most: he would then listen for hours to female voices, and we need hardly add that he especially delighted in what may be called rather the musical recitation than the singing of Moore. Nothing annoyed him more than to hear the songs he loved profaned by inferior execution. "Can you stay and beat it?" was his muttered remonstrance to a friend, whom he fairly dragged out of the room when an accomplished amateur was throwing as much soul as he could muster into —

"Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me."

On another occasion, a breakfast party, one of the guests sang one of Moore's songs in Moore's presence to the evident discomposure of the poet. "Well," said Rogers, "I have seen the bravest men of my time:

I have seen Nelson, Wellington, and Ney, but our friend is the bravest of them all."

One of the few passages of Shakespeare which he heard or repeated with complacency was:

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Natural sweetness of tone, however, did not satisfy him either in reading or singing. One of his female acquaintance, whose voice is singularly rich and musical, relates that he once asked her to read out some MS. verses of Moore's or Byron's which were pasted on the fly-leaf of one of his books. What he called her sing-song mode of reading so irritated him, that he snatched the paper out of her hands and (to use her own words) read it aloud himself most touchingly and musically.

Mr. Rogers was hardly cold in his grave, when the book named at the head of this article appeared under the auspices of his confidential publisher, Mr. Moxon. On its announcement, our hopes rose high. If we despaired of another Boswell, we anticipated something not inferior to Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote"; and ample materials might have been accumulated by a judicious note-taker for an entertaining and instructive volume, which would have done justice to the "Talk" it aspired to record. We regret to be obliged to say that this book is in no one respect a creditable one; and the circumstance of its having been brought out anonymously throws the entire responsibility on the publisher, Mr. Moxon, whose long intimacy with Mr. Rogers ought to have made him more sensible of what was due to the memory of a benefactor.

In the first place, we denounce the dishonesty of printing as the "Table Talk of Samuel Rogers" the half-remembered and garbled contents of sundry well-known copy-books, in which his recollections were set down in his own condensed and felicitious language. We allude particularly to his notes of conversations with Horner, Tooke, Grattan, Fox, Erskine, and the Duke of Wellington, &c., which, we presume, are now in the possession of his executors, and some time or other will be accurately given to the world. As well might a note-keeping friend carry off an imperfect recollection of an original work that had been read to him in manuscript, and publish an alleged abstract of it for profit.

In the second place, we impugn the qualifications of the compiler for his self-imposed task; for he has repeatedly made Rogers use the very phraseology he notoriously disliked, and fall into errors of which he would have been ashamed.

For example :

"I paid five guineas (in conjunction with Boddington) for a *loge* at Tooke's trial. It was the custom in those days (and perhaps is so still) to place bunches of strong-smelling plants of different sorts at the bar, where the criminal was to sit (I suppose, to purify the air from the contagion of his presence!) This was done at Tooke's trial: but, as soon as he was brought in, he indignantly swept them away with his handkerchief. The trial lasted six days. Erskine (than whom nobody had ever more power with the jury,—he would frequently address them as 'his little-twelvets') defended Tooke most admirably." (p. 128.)

Rogers never spoke of having taken a *loge*, or a box either, on such an occasion. So nice an observer must have seen that bunches of strong-smelling plants or flowers were placed upon the cushions of the judicial bench as well as at the bar where the criminal stands; and he never could have understood Erskine as saying that he actually addressed the jury as "his little-twelvets."

The repartee given to Dunning (p. 56) which was quite inapplicable to Lord Mansfield, is an old joke from Anstey's "Pleader's Guide"; and if Rogers (see p. 49) really described Lord Ellenborough as endowed with "infinite wit," he probably gave some more convincing examples than the joke about Lord Kenyon's "laying down" his pocket-handkerchief, or than a touch of coarse humor like the following :

"A lawyer one day pleading before him, and using several times the expression 'my unfortunate client,' Lord Ellenborough suddenly interrupted him, 'There, sir, the court is with you.'"

It was a young lawyer in his first case. He began, "My Lords, my unfortunate client. My Lords, my unfortunate client." "Proceed, sir," said Lord Ellenborough, "so far the court is quite with you."

To tell correctly the well-known story of the wig would require more space than it is worth; and this compiler's version of a shorter one will sufficiently illustrate his infelicity as a carrier of good things.

"The English highwaymen of former days (indeed, the race is now extinct) were remarkably well-bred personages. Thomas Grenville, while travelling with Lord Derby, and Lord Tankerville, while travelling with his father, were attacked by highwaymen; on both occasions, six or seven shots were exchanged between them and the highwaymen; and when the parties assailed had expended all their ammunition, the highwaymen came up to them, and took their purses in the politest manner possible." (p. 198).

According to Mr. Grenville, whom Rogers

always conscientiously repeated, after the travellers had delivered up their purses, the highwaymen said, "What scoundrels you must be, to interfere with gentlemen about their business on the road." Mr. Grenville (and Rogers after him) used to follow up the story, by relating how, one night when he was walking down Hay Hill, he heard cries of "stop thief," and saw a man on horseback dash down the steps of Lansdowne Passage, and escape; adding that, to prevent this happening again the present iron bar was put up.

The following is another of Mr. Grenville's stories, which Rogers used to repeat correctly, and which the author of the "Table Talk" has spoiled :

"I have often heard the Duke of York relate how he and brother George (George the Fourth), when young men, were robbed by footpads on Hay Hill. They had dined that day at Devonshire House, and then gone home to lay aside their court dresses, and afterwards proceeded to a house of a certain description in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square. They were returning from it in a hackney coach, late at night, when some footpads stopped them on Hay Hill, and carried off their purses, watches, &c." (p. 165.)

The footpads were a party of their own wild set. It was a repetition of Prince Hal and Poin's frolic, except that royalty was passive instead of active this time; and the two princes showed the white feather so ludicrously, that the pretended footpads thought it best to pocket the booty and keep their own secret. The learned in French *ana* will remember that a similar trick was once attempted with Turenne, who showed his habitual courage and presence of mind. "If you had succeeded in frightening me," was his cool remark on the avowal of the frolic, "I would have killed you and myself within the hour."

The remarks on Mrs. Barbauld, attributed to Fox, are so vague and wide of the mark, that it is difficult to imagine Rogers repeating them without specifying their inaccuracies. Her "Life of Richardson," which Fox praises, was written in 1804. Her "Books for Children" were written before the late Lord Denman, her pupil, had attained his fourth year. The "First Lessons" were composed at an earlier period, for her adopted son, Charles Aikin. She wrote no more children's books when she had no children to educate; nor was it "waste of talents" at any time to write such children's books as hers. When she had left off writing from domestic anxiety, Rogers urged her to resume her pen; and he used a powerful incentive when he told

her that Fox had pronounced her to be the first prose writer in the language.

During the closing years of his life, Rogers often told the same story with variations, and a duly qualified reminiscence might be expected to preserve the best version. The compiler of this book has commonly managed to select the worst. Let his account of the visit to Coleridge (p. 203) be compared with the following from another source:

"Wordsworth and myself," said Rogers, "had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gillman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house, we walked for some time without speaking—'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful, indeed,' said I. 'What depth of thought, what richness of expression!' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that ever I heard,' rejoined I, — another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' R. 'Not precisely.' W. 'Or about the plurality of worlds?' R. 'I can't say I did. In fact, if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' W. 'No more did I.'"

At p. 287 we find, "When his physician advised him to take a walk upon an empty stomach, Sydney Smith asked 'upon whose?'" The advice was to take *exercise*; and the joke is older than Sydney Smith; in justice to whom it should be added that he always indignantly repudiated the *foie gras* theory of Heaven attributed to him in the same passage.

At p. 288, Rogers is made to say, "Witty as Smith was, I have seen him at my own house absolutely overpowered by the superior *facetiousness* of William Bankes." This is preposterous. William Bankes certainly possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, but they were not in the facetious line, and he was no match for Sydney Smith. What Rogers said was that Bankes "got the first innings" and kept it through two courses. The same gentleman once performed a similar exploit at Apsley House at a party made expressly for Sir Walter Scott. On this last occasion, whenever Bankes paused, a well-known reviewer (the agreeable individual whom the late Lord Rokeby christened the *Boa Contradictor*) struck in, and the result was, that the author of *Waverley's* voice was never heard at all. Unless (which was a rare occurrence) Sydney Smith became irritated, he was essentially well bred, and any one gifted with a loud voice and ready utterance might have talked him down.

Indications are not wanting that the compiler was not on such intimate terms with Rogers as he would fain lead the purchasers of this volume to believe. Thus:

"At one time when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining room, and *high up*, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked this plan. 'Not at all,' he replied, 'above there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'" (p. 287.)

Any one who ever dined at Rogers' must surely have remembered that the room was lighted by sconces fixed in the wall, and that the light, which was not "high up," was reflected from the pictures.

To demonstrate all the demerits of this book, would be to re-write half of it at least. Its merit or utility consists in the aid or stimulant it may supply to the recollections of others, and in its conveying some notion of the kind of conversation in which Rogers delighted. His choice of topics, if not his mode of treating them, may be collected from it. These were books, pictures, morals, manners, literary history, the drama, men and women of genius, — anything or everything but the idle gossip, the unideal chatter, half made up of proper names, in which the idle population of London contrive to occupy their time. A morning spent at his breakfast-table was almost invariably well spent. Vacant-minded and uncongenial was the man or woman who did not come away wiser or better.

Goethe says that one capital mode of preserving the mind healthful and the taste pure, is to begin the day by reading some good poetry, hearing some good music, and contemplating a fine picture. That is what Rogers literally did, and induced his guests to do. Most days when the party was small and disposed to linger over the intellectual portion of the entertainment, he would send for his favorite authors, and read aloud the passages he had marked, pausing at times to note the changes in his own or the popular appreciation. If a fine passage was alluded to by others, "Find it for me," was the word; and "Edmund," the most intelligent of improvised librarians, was dispatched for the volume. "That lad," remarked Rogers, "would find not only any book in the house, but I begin to think, any book out of the house."

Without going so far as Byron, who one day said to Moore, "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakspeare was something of a humbug?" — Rogers had little real admiration for the greatest of poets; and he frequently read aloud from Ben Johnson's "Discoveries:" — "I remember the play-

ers have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare, that in his writings, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand!'" Rogers always laid a strong emphasis on the concluding sentence. He one morning challenged the company to produce a passage from Shakspeare which would not have been improved by blotting; and after picking many beautiful specimens to pieces, he was with difficulty silenced by the one beginning—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."

A single inharmonious or superfluous word, like the crumpled rose-leaf on the couch, made him restless and captious, and his canons of criticism were fatal to most first-class poetry. He was constantly holding up to censure the remark of a brilliant and popular writer, that there is always something shadowy and vague in the very highest productions of the imagination; yet surely the very essence of sublimity is to be undefined and limitless—

"What *seemed* its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

He is reported, we believe correctly, as saying,—"When I was travelling in Italy, I made two authors my constant study for versification,—Milton and Crowe." Yet Crowe's versification is commonly inharmonious, his descriptions are labored, and his thoughts forced. The truth is, Rogers had little or none of the analytical or self-examining faculty, so indispensable in criticising either books or men. He bestowed praise or censure as he was pleased or displeased, without reflecting that when an impression is what the Germans call "subjective," it is a most deceptive test of merit or demerit in the object. Thus he once challenged his guests to produce a better verse than—

"Those who came to scoff, remained to pray;" which has no one distinctive quality of poetry; and he could hardly be brought to admit the poetic superiority of another line in the same passage:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm."

Yet one of his own verses—

"And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears—"

is instinct with the same description of vitality.

In reading, he followed Bacon's maxim; to read much, not many things: *multum*

legere, non multa. He used to say, "When a new book comes out, I read an old one." He often invited popular authors to his house, and spoke to them of their writings, without having read a page of them. His first acquaintance with the many admirable creations of Mr. Dickens' genius was "Little Nelly." One of the last compositions which he read slowly and carefully, and praised emphatically, was the Duke of Newcastle's dispatch to Lord Raglan on the Battle of the Alma.

"Be it mine," writes Gray, "to lie all day long on a sofa and read eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crebillon." This having been quoted at one of Rogers' breakfasts, at which three persons were present besides himself, he asked all in succession whether they had read "Marianne." They all replied in the negative. "Then I will lend you each a copy," and the three copies were immediately produced. He strongly denounced modern French novels. At a breakfast party, consisting of two gentlemen, and two young ladies of sixteen and seventeen, with their governess, he produced Scribe's "Tonadillas"; and after expatiating on the moral tendency of the first story, gave the two volumes to the young ladies to take home with them. The next morning, one of the male guests informed him of the true character of the book, all except the first story being in the most corrupting style of a corrupt school. He started off to redeem his error, but his fair friends had gone into the country and judiciously carried "Tonadillas" along with them. "You will never," he vowed, "see a modern French novel in my house again."

He often read from his Notes Rousseau's profession of "un goût vif pour les déjeuners. C'est le tems de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise." It was a current joke that he asked people to breakfast by way of probation for dinner; but his breakfast parties (till the unwillingness to be alone made him less discriminating) were made for those with whom he wished to live socially, and his dinners, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. Even in his happiest moods, he was not convivial: his spirits never rose above temperate: he disliked loud talking or laughing; and unless some distinguished personage, or privileged wit, was there to break the ice and keep up the ball, the conversation at his dinners not unfrequently flagged. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, toned down by the subdued light, which left half the room in shadow and speedily awoke the fairer portion of the company to the disagreeable consciousness that their complexions were looking muddy and their

toilettes the opposite of fresh. After making every allowance for this drawback, however, his dinners were justly reckoned amongst the pleasantest in Town; and all the diaries of (or relating to) the celebrated characters that have figured on the stage of London life during the last fifty years, bear ample testimony to the fact. Moore's and Byron's alone commemorate remarkable parties enough to give their host immortality as an Amphitryon, and they show, moreover, that he never fell into the weakness of which he is made ("Table Talk," p. 175) to accuse Bishop Marley, that of "giving great dinners chiefly to people of rank and fashion, foolish men and foolish women." Here are two extracts from Byron's Diary for 1814:

"Sunday, March 6. On Tuesday last dined with Rogers: Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, and Payne Knight, Lady Donegall and Miss R. there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de Recamier's handkerchief. Erskine a few good stories of himself only.

"March 10th. Thor's day. On Tuesday dined with Rogers, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe. Much talk and good, all except my own little prattle. Set down Sheridan at Brookes', where, by the by, he could not well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers."

Rogers used to relate that, when Madame de Staël first arrived in England in the fulness of her fame, she was invited to one of the large evening parties at Lansdowne House; and after deliberating on the best mode of making her *debut*, she requested him to stand with her in a conspicuous portion of the chief saloon, so that she might be first seen by the London world of fashion and politics in close communion with literature.

During the last half of his life, most foreigners of distinction, with many who had no claim on his notice beyond avowed admiration or curiosity, made a point of getting introduced to him, and an introduction almost always implied an invitation to breakfast. He was partial to Americans, both out of gratitude for his popularity in the United States, and because they did not compel him to speak French, in which he never conversed fluently or at his ease. The author of the "Table Talk" has transferred to Talleyrand's dinner-table a brief colloquy with Lamartine, which Rogers always used to mention as having occurred at one of his own breakfasts.

"Lamartine is a man of genius, but very affected. Talleyrand, when in London, invited me to meet him, and placed me beside him at dinner. I asked him, 'Are you acquainted

with Beranger?' 'No: he wished to be introduced to me, but I declined it.' 'I would go,' said I, 'a league to see him.' This was nearly all our conversation: he did not choose to talk. In short, he was so disagreeable, that, some days after, both Talleyrand and the Duchess di Dino apologized to me for his ill-breeding." (p. 253.)

Circumstantial as is this version, we question its authenticity. Rogers, not allowing for the literary and political feuds of Paris (although he had lived in times when a Tory poet would not willingly have remained in the same room with a Radical), eagerly inquired of Lamartine, who doubtless thought himself a more legitimate subject of interest, what sort of a man Beranger was, and what he was about. "*Je ne le connais pas*," said Lamartine. "*Je vous plains*," rejoined Rogers.

He was still more unlucky with August von Schlegel, whom he asked if, since Goethe's death, there had been any poets in Germany. "I am a poet," was the indignant response.

Most appropriately might Rogers have exclaimed with Horace—

"Quicquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia." —

The solid advantages of such a position are undeniable. The privilege of mingling in daily and familiar intercourse with the most eminent men and women of the age, and of going at once to the fountain-head for every description of knowledge, is a proud and enviable one; and in laboring hard for it, Rogers is not to be confounded with the mere lover of titles and fine company for their own sake. A cursory reference to the obstacles he had to surmount at starting, will serve the double purpose of illustrating his character, and of claiming for him the credit which is his due, for his subsequent exertions to level or lower the artificial barriers between the aristocracy of birth and rank and that of genius and intellect.

We learn from Moore that, when Sheridan came to Town with his first wife, it was a subject of anxious debate whether the son of a player could be received at Devonshire House, although that player was by birth and education a gentleman. An excuse is suggested by Miss Berry when, referring to the society which she had seen as a girl, she says: "Authors, actors, composers, singers, musicians, were all equally considered as profligate vagrants. Those whose good taste, or whose greater knowledge of the world, led them to make some exceptions, were impli-

cated in the same moral category."* She adds in the next page: "It was not till late in the reign of George III., that sculptors, architects, and painters (with the single exception of Sir J. Reynolds) were received and formed a chosen part of the best and most chosen society in London."

This statement is somewhat over-colored, particularly so far as authors are concerned; although the lives led by some of the most eminent (Fielding for example), and the early struggles of others (as depicted in Johnson's life of Savage), gave plausibility to the charge of profligacy and vagrancy. But it is an undoubted fact that successful authorship did not constitute a recommendation to the best society till long after Rogers had aspired to become a leading member of it; and his first cautious advances were made rather in the character of a liberal host than of a popular poet.† The completion of his house in St. James' Place, in which he sought, not unsuccessfully, to carry out the views developed in his *Epistle to a Friend*, was probably the commencement of his career as a Mæcenas, a diner-out and a dinner-giver of the first water. Yet some of the most distinguished of his connections were formed at an antecedent period; and one of his best stories was of a dinner given by him, when he occupied chambers in the Temple,‡ to Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Perry (of the *Morning Chronicle*), and other Whig notables.

The dinner had been ordered from the Mitre Tavern, and was to arrive by instalments.§ The appointed hour was past, yet not a dish had made its appearance. "I quietly stole out," continued Rogers, "and hurried to the Mitre. 'What has become of my dinner?' I asked. 'Your dinner, Sir,—your dinner is for to-morrow.' I stood aghast, and for a moment plans of suicidal desperation crossed my brain: when the tavern-keeper relieved me from my perplexity, by saying that he had so many dinners on hand, that mine, if ever ordered, had escaped his recollection altogether. 'Many dinners on hand, have you? then if you will send me the best dish from each of them, I will pay you double; and if you won't, you shall never see my face again.' As I was a

good customer, he chose the more prudent and profitable alternative; and, after an hour's waiting, my guests were seated and served. 'And how did the dinner go off?' 'O, very well: they got a bad dinner, but they got a good story to tell against me.' The conclusion was characteristic; for he himself would at any time have been consoled for a bad dinner by a good story against the host or the company.

There is another remarkable entry in Byron's *Diary* for Nov. 22, 1813:

"Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. O, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!"

This leads us to the consideration of a well-known peculiarity in his mental construction, or acquired habits, which, strange to say, no one would so much as guess from the "Table Talk"—namely, his mode of looking at, or placing, everything and everybody in the most disadvantageous point of view. Franklin, in his autobiography, mentions a gentleman who, having one very handsome and one shrivelled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he or she looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Rogers would have forfeited all chance of this gentleman's esteem at starting. Yet there was something irresistibly comic, rather than annoying or repulsive, in the pertinacity and ingenuity with which he indulged his caustic humor. We will give a few instances; but the look, the manner, the tone of voice, and the precise emphasis laid on particular words, cannot be transferred to paper. So uncertain is testimony, and so frail is memory, that even the accuracy of the expressions can rarely be guaranteed.

"Is that the contents you are looking at?" inquired an anxious author, who saw Rogers' eye fixed on a table or list at the commencement of a presentation copy of a new work. "No," said Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers, "the discontents."

Rogers, as may be believed, was one of the earliest of Landseer's innumerable admirers. He was known to have spoken highly of the picture of a Newfoundland dog, entitled "Portrait of a Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society." On Landseer expressing his gratification, Rogers said:

* *England and France. A comparative view of the social condition of both countries.* By the Editor of *Madame du Deffand's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 42.

† See for example Moore's *Life of Byron*, or *Memoirs of Moore*, vol. viii. p. 97-98, the manner in which the reconciliation dinner for Moore and Byron was made up, Rogers not being then acquainted with the noble poet.

‡ His chambers were in Paper Buildings, and had been occupied by Lord Ellenborough. A new range has since been erected on the site.

§ On the occasion of the Temple dinner, to which Sydney Smith was invited to meet Theodore Hook, he exclaimed as he came in: "I knew I was in time; for though the turtle had the start of me, I fairly headed the turbot."

"Yes, I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted."

He was returning from a dinner at — House with a friend, who began expatiating on the perfection of the hospitality which they had just enjoyed. "Did you observe how he helped the fish?" said Rogers.

He had lent £800 to Moore, and as the fact was gratefully bruited about at the time, and is duly recorded in the published Diary, there was and is no harm in Rogers' or our allusion to it. "When he repaid me the money," said Rogers, he exclaimed, 'There, thank God, I do not now owe a farthing in the world.' If he had been a prudent man, he would have reflected that he had not got a farthing."

On entering Moore's parlor at Sloper-ton, and seeing it hung round with engraved portraits of Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, &c., Rogers remarked, "So, I see you have all your *patrons* about you." "A good-natured man," characteristically observed Moore, when he told the story, "would have said *friends*."

When he was speaking of some one's marriage in his usual tone, he was reminded that the friends of the bridegroom were very much pleased at it. Rogers replied, "He's a fortunate man, then, for his friends are pleased, and his enemies delighted."

Whenever a disagreeable man, or one whom he disliked, married a pretty woman, he would say, "Now we shall have our revenge of him."

He spoke to Mrs. H. one day of Lady — with extreme admiration and apparent cordiality; he then left the room, and Mrs. H. remarked that she had never heard Rogers speak so well of any one before. The door opened, and Rogers thrust in his head with the words, "There are spots on the sun, though."

When a late member for a western county and his wife were stopped by banditti in Italy, Rogers used to say, "The banditti wanted to carry off P — into the mountains; but she flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them, they let him go."

This kind of malice, however, was a venial offence in comparison with the cross things which he sometimes addressed to people to their faces without the shadow of a provocation; and it is these which have given rise to so many animated controversies about his goodness of heart. The discussion is strikingly analogous, in one essential quality, to the tilting match touching the color of a shield. He presented the white side of his disposition to those he liked, and the black side to those he disliked: both likings and dislikings being often based on no sounder princi-

ple than that which proved fatal to Dr. Fell. Hence the fervent abuse of one faction, and the equally fervent laudation of another. Only what his eulogists fail to see, or unfairly refuse to admit, is, that no extent of kindness or courtesy to an object of preference is an excuse for unkindness or discourtesy to an object of antipathy, to say nothing of the social offence of an annoying or rude remark in company. Good breeding requires delicacy of perception enough to know what is pleasing or displeasing to those with whom we mix, as well as good nature and good temper enough so to use our knowledge as never to cause an unpleasant feeling, or even to revive a disagreeable association. Rogers was eminently gifted with the instinctive tact in question, but his use of it varied with his mood; and there were times when he was both wayward and exacting to an unjustifiable extent, — when all his gentler emotions were "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

One of his female favorites had made a little dinner for him, in which, she fondly hoped, all his tastes and fancies had been consulted. After a glance round the table, he remarked that the fish was out of season.

At a bachelor dinner where the attendance was scanty, he refused the two or three things that were offered him, till the solitary waiter had left the room. "Won't you eat anything, Mr. Rogers?" asked the host. "I will take some of that *pie*," (pointing to a *vol-au-vent*), "when there is anybody to give it to me."

He bitterly repented of these two *escapades*, when, shortly afterwards, he was left out of a succession of small dinners to punish him, and was told "the reason why" by one of the presiding beauties. The redeeming feature was that when (as Mr. Jarndyce, would say), the wind was in the east, he was no respecter of persons, and distributed raps on the knuckles without ceremony to all alike, — to the strong and the weak, the big and the little, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble. Indeed, it is no more than justice to him to say, that he was commonly conciliated by humility, and was more especially irritated by self-confident people in high health and high spirits, who took their share of the conversation, and forcibly broke in upon the monopoly of attention which he claimed or expected. His sense of humor made Sydney Smith's fun irresistible, and it was his pride to have so distinguished a guest at his table; but there was no love lost between them, and Rogers was all the bitterer in their incidental passages of arms from the consciousness of being (in Spenserian phrase) over-crowded. Thus, at a dinner at the late Lord S —'s, at which both were present,

Sydney Smith, by way of falling in with the humor of the company, — mostly composed of Meltonians and patrons of the turf, offered a bet, and added, "If I lose, I will pay at once in a cheque on Rogers, Toogood and Company," which was then the name of the firm. "And it shall be paid," said Rogers, in his bitterest tone, "*every iota of it*," — alluding to Sydney Smith's supposed reply, much censured for its levity, on being asked whether he believed the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles. When Rogers told the story, he justified himself on the ground that Sydney Smith "meant to take advantage of their being in fine company to run him down as a tradesman." When Sydney Smith mentioned it, he declared that he had fallen into an involuntary error from not calculating on the depths of human weakness, and that the notion of giving offence never so much as crossed his mind.

It should be added that Rogers had a morbid aversion for what he called "dog and horse men." He had omitted to observe how completely the coarseness and ignorance which was supposed, or at least declared by novelists and dramatists, to mark the country gentlemen of his youth, have been rubbed off and refined away by increased facilities of intercourse and the resulting cultivation of all classes.

Although a little jealous of Luttrell's superior fashion (of which an instance is given in the "Table Talk," p. 233), Rogers' favorite amongst the wits and talkers in repute was the author of "Letters to Julia," and the most refined of their common contemporaries (admitting Sydney Smith's far larger grasp and higher vocation) will approve the selection. There could not be a more fascinating companion than Luttrell — so light in hand, so graceful in manner, so conciliating in tone and gesture, with such a range of well-chosen topics, and such a fresh, sparkling, and abundant spring of fancy to play upon them. When his poem (nicknamed "Letters from a Dandy to a Dolly") was published, a crack critic began a review of them by suggesting that the author had, as it were, cut up his gold-egg-laying goose by printing his entire stock in trade as a joker. Never critic made a greater mistake. Luttrell's sources of amusement were inexhaustible, and they were without alloy. To him belong some of the best *mots* recorded in "Moore's Diary;" and Rogers accurately described his peculiar manner when he said, "Luttrell is indeed a pleasant companion. None of the talkers whom I meet in London society can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does."

Rogers treated Moore much as Johnson

treated Goldsmith, — rated him soundly when present for not attending better to his own interests, and did not always spare him when absent, but would suffer no one else to utter a word against him. In allusion to his restlessness, Rogers used to say, "Moore dines in one place, wishing he was dining in another place, with an opera-ticket in his pocket which makes him wish he was dining nowhere." Moore's *Diary* abounds with practical proofs of Rogers' unceasing liberality and unobtrusive charity. It also contains one valuable testimony of a rarer kind:

"Rogers stayed more than a week [at Bowood, Dec., 1841]. Still fresh in all his faculties, and improved wonderfully in the only point where he ever was deficient, temper. He now gives the natural sweetness of his disposition fair play."

It appears from one of Moore's letters to Lady Donegal, published in his "Memoirs," that he had suffered severely at a preceding period from Rogers' carping humor and fault-finding propensity, —

"Rogers and I had a very pleasant tour of it, though I felt throughout it all, as I always feel with him, that the fear of losing his good opinion almost embitters the possession of it, and that, though in his society one walks upon roses, it is with constant apprehensions of the thorns that are among them. . . . He has left me rather out of conceit with my poem, 'Lalla Rookh' (as his fastidious criticism generally does), and I have returned to it with rather an humbled spirit; but I have already altered my whole plan to please him, and I will do so no more, for I should make as long a voyage of it as his own 'Columbus,' if I attended to all his objections. His general opinion, however, is very flattering: he only finds fault with every part of it in detail; and this, you know, is the style of his criticism of characters; — an excellent person, but —." (Aug. 21, 1812; vol. viii. p. 114.)

"Your description of Rogers," replies Lady Donegal, "is too like him. How vexatious it is that a man who has so much the power of pleasing and attaching people to him should mar the gifts of nature so entirely by giving way to that sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life. Yet he can feel for others; and notwithstanding this unfortunate habit he has given himself of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends, he really can feel attachment; and to you, I am certain, he is attached, though I acknowledge that the thorn sometimes makes one wish to throw away the roses, and forego the pleasure to avoid the pain. But with all his faults I like him, though I know he spares me no more than any of his other dear friends." (Aug. 28, 1812; vol. viii. p. 118.)

Her sister, Miss Godfrey — whose letters

betoken a high degree of cultivation and refinement, superadded to a lively fancy, a kind disposition, and the most winning truthfulness — writes about the same time —

"We see Rogers often in the morning, but he does not dine here, as we have only one room that we can inhabit at present, and we have not yet dined with him. I sometimes like him very much, and sometimes I think him so given up, body and soul, to the world, and such a worshipper of My Lords and My Ladies, that I think it a great waste of any of my spare kind feelings to bestow them upon him. Love without a coronet over it goes for nothing in his eyes. However, he amuses me, and I had rather be on kind terms with him than not. Bab [Lady Donegal] is more his than I am: she sees him with kinder eyes, and shuts them oftener to his failings." (Vol. VIII. p. 140.)

Rogers was unceasingly at war with the late Lady D. One day at dinner she called across the table: "Now, Mr. Rogers, I am sure you are talking about me" (not attacking, as the current version runs). "Lady D.," was the retort, "I pass my life in defending you."

Although fashion is tolerably discriminating upon the whole, and commonly exacts an entrance-fee in sterling or current coin of some sort (either merit or celebrity) from all who are not born and bred within her hallowed precincts, still individuals may now and then be seen there whose position is as puzzling as that of Pope's fly in amber:

"The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there."

For this anomalous species, Rogers professed the most unmitigated contempt; and their usual resource, industrious flattery, was worse than wasted on him. One evening when, leaning on the arm of a friend, he was about to walk home from an evening party, a pretentious gentleman of this description made a desperate attempt to fasten on them, and prefaced the meditated intrusion by saying that he never liked walking alone. "I should have thought, sir," said Rogers, "that no one was so well satisfied with your company as yourself."

If he had done no more than check pushing presumption, or expose fawning insignificance, his habitual severity of comment would have caused no reflection on his memory; but it became so formidable at one time, that his guests might be seen manoeuvring which should leave the room last, so as not to undergo the apprehended ordeal; and it was said of him with more wit than truth, that he made his way in the world, as Hannibal made *his* across the Alps, with vinegar. His adoption of a practice which ran counter to all his avowed theories has been accounted

for by the weakness of his voice, which, it was argued, induced him to compel attention by bitterness, — like the backbiters described by Lord Brougham, "who, devoid of force to wield the sword, snatch the dagger, and steep it in venom to make it fester in the scratch." This solution is unjust to Rogers, who was not driven to procure listeners by such means. It, moreover, exaggerates a failing which was common to the wits of his earlier days, both in France and England. Three-fourths of the good things attributed to Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Chesterfield, Selwyn, Sheridan, Walpole, Wilkes, and their contemporaries, would have found appropriate place in the "School for Scandal;" and before condemning Rogers on the evidence of those to whom the black side of his character was most frequently presented, we must hear those whose attention was constantly attracted to the white side. One female reminiscent, nurtured and domesticated with genius from her childhood, writes thus:

"I knew the kind old man for five-and-twenty years. I say kind advisedly, because no one did so many kind things to those who, being unable to dig, to beg are ashamed. The sharp sayings were remembered and repeated because they were so clever. There are many as bitter, no one so clever. He was essentially a gentleman, by education, by association — his manners were perfect. Once, when breakfasting with him, upon taking our seats he called my daughter to his side, thus obliging a young man to leave his place; feeling that this was not courteous, he said, 'I ask you to move, because I love your parents so dearly I feel as if you were my son.'"

"He not only gave freely and generously, but looked out for occasions of being kind. My father once saw him, and he asked after a mutual acquaintance — 'How is K — ?' The reply was — 'As well as a man with nine children and a small income can be;' the next day Mr. Rogers sent him fifty pounds. A friend once asked him to assist a young man at college; he gave immediately twenty pounds, and after leaving the house, returned to say, 'There is more money to be had from the same place, if wanted!' We ought to observe how much all that appears from time to time tells to his credit in the various Memoirs, &c. You find him always a peace-maker, always giving wise counsel, generous and kind." (*Private MS.*)

The author of "The Winter's Walk," after alluding to "the keen point of many a faded reply," proceeds:

"But by a holier light thy angel reads
The unseen records of more gentle deeds, —
And by a holier light thy angel sees
The tear oft shed for humble miseries,
Th' indulgent hour of kindness stol'n away
From the free leisure of thy well-spent day.
For some poor struggling son of Genius, bent
Under the weight of heart-sick discontent.

And by that light's soft radiance I review
Thy unpretending kindness, calm and true,
Not to me only; but in bitterest hours
To one whom Heaven endowed with varied
powers.

By sorrow weakened, by disease unnerved,
Faithful at least the friend he had not served:
For the same voice essayed that hour to cheer
Which now sounds welcome to his grandchild's
ear;

And the same hand, to aid that life's decline,
Whose gentle clasp so late was linked in
mine."

Few readers can require to be reminded of the closing scenes in the "Life of Sheridan," when Rogers advanced £150 (not the first of the same amount, says the biographer) to procure the expiring orator the poor privilege of dying undisturbed.

"O, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so cold, in the great and
high-born;

To think what a long list of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and
lorn.

How proud they can flock to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness
and sorrow,

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-
morrow."

But it cheers the heart to see one neither great nor high-born stepping forward to prevent that last blanket from being seized; and, "in the train of all this phalanx of Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Honorables, Right Honorables, Princes of the Blood, and First Officers of the State, it was not a little interesting to see walking humbly, side by side, the only two men who had not waited for the call of vanity to display itself, — Dr. Bain and Mr. Rogers." *

When some one complained in Thomas Campbell's hearing, that Rogers said spiteful things: "Borrow five hundred pounds of him," was the comment, "and he will never say one word against you until you want to repay him." He told a lady (the reminiscence before quoted) that Campbell borrowed £500, upon the plea that, if he had that sum, it would do him a good service. † Three weeks afterwards he brought back the money, saying that he found it would not be prudent to risk it. "At this time," added Rogers, "I knew that he was every day pressed for small sums."

Here is an exemplarily kind action followed up by unexceptionably kind words. We could fill pages with other well-authenticated

instances of his considerate generosity. They have come to light gradually; and it is a remarkable fact that, whilst he was annually giving away large sums, his name figured little in subscription lists. He may have been acting all along rather from calculation than from impulsiveness, from head not heart. He may have been following Paley's counsel, who recommends us to cultivate our better feelings by alms-giving if only with a view to our own self-complacency. Or he may have been simply more fortunate in his experimental benevolence than the nobleman who, on being advised to try doing a little good by way of a new pleasure, replied that he had tried it already and found no pleasure in it. To what does this analysis of motive à la *Roche foucauld* amount after all? Surely, to seek and find happiness in doing good, is to be good. Admitting that the mere voluptuary, and the general benefactor, have each the same end, self, — still the difference in the means employed will constitute a sufficiently wide and marked distinction between the two. When we have calmly computed how much good might be done daily, how much happiness diffused, without the sacrifice of a wish or caprice, without the interruption of a habit, by thousands of the richer classes who never turn aside to aid the needy or elevate the lowly, — when we have done this, we shall then be in a fitting frame of mind for estimating the superiority of a man who had arrived at just conclusions regarding the real uses of superfluous wealth, and acted on them.

"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed." "There is something in that definition," answered Mr. Peter Pounce, "which I like well enough; it is as you say, a disposition, and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it." There are plenty of Peter Pounces in our society. What we want are the Allworthys, or the worldly philosophers, on whose tombstones may be read without provoking a smile of irony: "What I spent, I had; what I gave, I have; what I saved, I lost." We commend this epitaph to the attention of the *millionnaire* who has been accused of wishing to invest the accumulations of more than half a century in one big bank-note and carry it out of the world with him. When (see "Table Talk," p. 51) Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth £200,000, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with." Rogers had reserved for the next world just one-eighth of that sum, exclusive of the contents of his house, — not enough, had his income from the Bank failed, to enable him to enjoy the comforts which age, infirmity,

* Moore's "Life of Sheridan."

† This is the loan mentioned in Moore's "Memoirs," vol. vii.

and confirmed habits had made necessary to him in *this*.

The robbery which took place a few years ago seemed likely at first to expose him to a trial which he had never had to encounter. It served, on the contrary, to show the generous confidence and attachment of his friends. So soon as the news of the robbery got abroad, one nobleman placed £10,000, a second £30,000, and a third (a merchant prince) £100,000 at his disposal. He bore this robbery, which might have led to very serious consequences, with great equanimity, and said it had done him good,—by the chastening effect of adversity, and by bringing out the good qualities of his friends. It was after repeating Pope's line :

"Bare the mean heart that beats beneath a star,"

that he one day mentioned, by way of qualification, the munificence and promptitude with which noble as well as simple had hurried to aid and sympathize with him.

The best accessible specimens of his epistolary style will be found in the eighth volume of "Moore's Memoirs," edited by Lord John Russell, who says that Rogers himself selected those of his letters which were to be published. They are evidently written with the scrupulous care which marks everything he undertook; and we will answer for it that his love-letters, should they ever come to light, will bear internal evidence of having been composed on a diametrically opposite principle to that recommended by Rousseau, who says that the writer should begin without knowing what he is going to say and end without knowing what he has said. Three or four of Rogers' letters relate to "Columbus." He writes to consult Moore as to which of sundry very ordinary verses is the best, telling him, on one occasion, that half of a particular line has received the sanction of Sharp and Mackintosh, and anxiously requiring to be informed if he agreed with them. Never, probably, since the Roman Senate was summoned to consult about the boiling of a turbot, was the importance of the subject more ludicrously contrasted with the solemnity of the reference.

One of the most pleasing of these compositions is that (p. 95) in which he gives an account of the family of a brother who had retired from the Bank with an ample fortune, and was really living the life of rural enjoyment which the poet affected to think the acme of felicity. In another (p. 79) he avows a confirmed dislike to letter-writing. The notes which he wrote in the common commerce of the world are models of conciseness and calligraphy. If ever handwriting corresponded with and betrayed char-

acter, it was his;—neat, clear, and yet not devoid of elegance. "Will you breakfast with me to-morrow? S. R.," was his pithy invitation to a celebrated wit and beauty. "Won't I? H. D.," was the congenial response.

There is no good likeness of him. The fact is, he would never allow one to be taken. He preferred that by Lawrence, because it was the most flattering. There is one designed and drawn on stone by an amateur artist (Lady Morgan's niece, Mrs. Geale) in 1838, which would have been excellent, had she ventured to give him his actual age at the time. Dantan's caricature bust is hardly a caricature, and for that very reason he held it in horror. One day Moore was indiscreet or malicious enough to say that a fresh stock had been sent over, and that he had seen one in a shop window. "It is pleasant news," said Rogers; "and pleasant to be told of it by a friend."

The accident which deprived him of the power of locomotion was the severest of trials to a man of his active habits and still extraordinary strength; for he delighted in walking, and thought his health depended upon the exercise he took in this way. Not long before, he had boasted of having had a breakfast party at home,—then gone to a wedding breakfast, where he returned thanks for the bridesmaids,—then to Chiswick, where he was presented to an imperial highness,—dined out,—gone to the Opera,—looked in at a ball, and walked home,—all within the compass of fourteen hours. "When I first saw him after his fall," writes the lady already quoted, "I found him lying on his bed, which was drawn near the bedroom window, that he might look upon the Park. Taking my hand, he kissed it, and I felt a tear drop on it, and that was all the complaint or regret that he ever expressed. Never did he allude to it to me, nor, I believe, to any one."

One day, between six and seven, when he was just going to dinner, hearing a knock at the door, he desired his faithful and attached servant, Edmund, to say, not at home. "Who was it?" he inquired. E. "Colonel —, sir." R. "And who is Colonel —?" E. "The gentleman who upset you, sir, and caused your accident." R. "It is an agreeable recollection, did he come to refresh it?" E. "O, sir, he calls very often to inquire for you." R. "Does he? then if he calls again, don't let him in, and don't tell me of it." The gallant officer was (at worst) the innocent cause of the mishap; for as his brougham was passing at an ordinary pace, Rogers, who was about to cross, suddenly checked himself, lost his balance, and fell with his hip against the curb-stone.

When some one was speaking of a fine old

man before Swift, he exclaimed, in a spirit of melancholy foreboding, "There's no such thing as a fine old man; if either his head or his heart had been worth anything, they would have worn him out long ago." Till near ninety, Rogers was a striking exception to this rule. He then gradually dropped into that state, mental and bodily, which raises a reasonable doubt whether prolonged life be a blessing or a curse —

"Omni

Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec Nomina servorum, nec vultus agnoscit amicùm, Cum quis præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos Quos genuit, quos eduxit."

Although his impressions of long past events were as fresh as ever, he forgot the names of his relations and oldest friends whilst they were sitting with him, and told the same stories to the same people two or three times over in the same interview. But there were frequent glimpses of intellect in all its original brightness, of tenderness, of refinement, and of grace. "Once driving out with him," says a female correspondent, "I asked him after a lady whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check string, and appealed to his servant. 'Do I know Lady M——?' The reply was, 'Yes, sir.' This was a painful moment to us both. Taking my hand, he said, 'Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage and ask if I know you.'"

To another female friend, who was driving out with him shortly after, he said, "Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment. Your anger will vanish at once."

During the last four or five years he was constantly expatiating on the advantage of marriage. "It was a proud, a blessed privilege," he would repeat, "to be the means, under Providence, of clothing an immortal soul in clay." He introduced and pursued this theme without respect to persons, and not unfrequently recommended matrimony to married people who would have lent a readier ear to a proposal of separation or divorce. In explanation of the rumors circulated from time to time in his younger days respecting his own attempts to confirm precept by example, he said, "that whenever his name had been coupled with that of a single lady, he had thought it his duty to give out that he had been refused." On his regretting that he had not married, because then he should have had a nice woman to care for him, it was suggested, — "How do you know she would not have cared for somebody else?" — an awkward doubt at all times.

His own version of his nearest approximation to the nuptial tie was, that, when a

young man, he admired and sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still, thought he had ever seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said: "I go to-morrow to Worthing. Are you coming there?" He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of every one drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said: "You never came to Worthing."

In the case of most men over whom the grave had closed so recently, we should have refrained from such minuteness of personal detail, however curious or illustrative. But the veil had been removed from the private life of Rogers long before we approached the sanctuary; and we are not responsible for the profanation, if it be one. His habits, his mode of life, his predilections, his aversions, his caustic sayings, his benevolent actions, have been treated like common property as far back as the living generation can remember. They have been discussed in all circles, and have occasionally appeared (with varying degrees of accuracy) in print. Now that monarchs have left off changing their shirts at crowded *levées*, we should be puzzled to name any contemporary celebrity who, whether he liked it or not, had been so much or so constantly before the public as Rogers. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He spoke without reserve to the first comer, and the chance visitor (haply some "penciller by the way") was admitted to his intimacy as unwarily as the tried friend. This argued a rare degree of conscious rectitude and honorable self-reliance; and in estimating his character, in balancing the final account of his merits and demerits, too much stress cannot be laid on the searching nature of the ordeal he has undergone. Choose out the wisest, brightest, noblest of mankind, and how many of them could bear to be thus pursued into the little corners of their lives? — "all their faults observed, set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote?" Most assuredly, if the general scope and tendency of their conduct be no worse, they may, one and all — to borrow the impressive language of Erskine — "walk through the shadow of death, with all their faults about them, with as much cheerfulness as in the common path of life." But if great virtues may not atone for small frailties, or kind deeds for unkind words, "they must call upon the mountains to cover them, for which of them can present, for Omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless course?"

From The Times, 14 July.

ITALY.

TO-DAY Lord John Russell is to bring before the House of Commons a motion on the state of affairs in Italy. It is seldom that at so advanced a period of the session either branch of the Legislature is willing to listen to discussions not immediately relating to definite measures. With but a few days to elapse before the prorogation, and with important bills calling for attention, Parliament, conscious of having produced less than the usual amount of serviceable legislation, may well be impatient of spending a sitting on a debate on foreign politics; but so critical is the state of the country which will be the subject of discussion, so momentous are the events which may occur before Parliament again meets, that we believe neither the members nor their constituents will grudge the time demanded by the motion, should it elicit declarations from Government calculated to advance the cause of freedom and constitutional rule in the distracted peninsula. If the British Cabinet has obtained any information, or resolved on any course, — if there be the slightest hope of improvement from the policy of the Italian sovereigns themselves, or from the interference of foreign Powers, the nation will rejoice to learn the fact; if, on the other hand, the present system, which has been for years becoming more oppressive and gloomy, is to continue without any hindrance except from the indignant criticism of the world, let us know at once how little the hopes of humane men are to be satisfied, and the promises of politicians fulfilled.

The position of Italy has now become a matter of consideration even to the most exclusively domestic politician. For many long years the English people have sympathized with that country, but, in obedience to their advisers, have refrained from interference. During that time the Italian cause has conquered the good will of all classes and creeds among us. At first we were told by a large and influential body that the wrongs of Italians existed only in the complaints of a few fugitives, whose alleged persecutions were the result of their own folly or crimes. It was urged that the mass of the people had nothing in common with the orators who presumed to represent them, and that, even if they sympathized, their scheme of Italian unity was as visionary as the Irish phantom of repeal. But as the cry continued, and grew daily deeper and louder, other arguments were brought forward. The legal right of the Sovereigns and of their Austrian supporters was dwelt upon as an indefeasible claim, and the danger of disturbing Europe

painted in striking colors. But Europe has since been not only disturbed but convulsed, and that not by the insurrectionary fury of any Republican party, but by the ambition of a potentate in strict league with the representatives of power in the Italian peninsula. We are, then, released from any conscientious scruples with regard to the manifestation of at least sympathy for the cause of the Italians. This country has construed the alliance with France as a league for something more than the mere deliverance of Constantinople. This, its first and most pressing duty, it accomplished by means of arms; but there are other aims which, while they do not at present call for any such display of force, may yet occupy the minds of statesmen, and demand the assent of the people. It is not too much to say that at this moment the state of Italy is, next to our own domestic concerns, the question of deepest interest to the English people. The adherence of Piedmont to the alliance increased the popularity of the war, the Notes of the Count de Cavour have been read everywhere with sympathy and a high degree of pride at the courage which they display, and it is again and again demanded whether the year of the Conferences is to pass away without something being done in the cause of a nation to which Europe owes a reparation for so many years of neglect.

At this moment a tremor of expectation runs throughout the oppressed land. The position taken by Piedmont has introduced a new element into the calculation of Italian Liberals. As far as externals go, nothing is altered, — nay, matters seem merely to be sinking daily from bad to worse. The recent trials at Naples show that the unhappy King is determined to proceed in his course of tyranny. Under the administration of Cardinal Antonelli the Papal States give no hope of even distant improvement. Florence is as bad as ever. The Legations are firmly held by Austrian troops, while the Lombardo-Venetian territory is being rapidly filled with soldiers, ready to repress any movement which tyranny, carried to the highest pitch of endurance, may be expected to call forth. Yet, though darkness seems thickening over the land, there is light from the one free constitutional State which shares in the Italian name, language, and aspirations. A portion of the Republican party is now ready to adopt the leadership of Piedmont in political matters, and to acquiesce in the existence and even the supremacy over the whole peninsula of constitutional monarchy. Mazzini's agents are, it is said, still desirous of creating a disturbance; but the partisans of this revolutionist are much diminished in number, and more in moral influence over

their countrymen. So much do the attempts of the extreme party tend to strengthen military rule that there are not wanting those who attribute them to the instigation of the Austrian authorities. Naples is, indeed, in a precarious state, for the settled discontent of the people may at any time break out into excesses the more violent because the present Government forbids any moderate expression of opinion. But, as a general rule, Italy waits for the guidance of Piedmont, acting under the advice of England and France. It seems now generally felt that Italian liberty cannot be secured by any outbreak of an insurgent democracy, but must aggregate itself round the nucleus which has been already formed in the north by a State strong enough to take a leading part in the concerns of Europe.

We may ask, then, not through any idle curiosity, nor from a mere love of finding fault, but from a deep sense that this is a great opportunity, what support British representatives are giving to the cause which their countrymen have at heart? We have no wish to turn our Ministers at foreign Courts into intermeddlers or demagogues, but there certainly seems to be a course that they might take without trespassing on the rights of the Sovereigns to whom they are accredited. They will only fully represent the Government and people of this kingdom when to the limits of their ability they impress on the Courts of Rome, Florence, and Naples the necessity of in some way changing their traditional policy. These Governments, like most others, particularly in Southern Europe, chiefly judge of intentions by outward behavior. England is represented to them not so much by the dispatches of its Ministers in London as by the actions of its representatives in their own capitals; and if King, Duke, and Camarilla take this view, it is still more likely to be that of the people, who have access to no secret means of intelligence, but judge an envoy and the nation which sends him by his manner, his apparent zeal for or against them, and the opinions which he lets fall in his daily intercourse with the world. Now, it is said that the British Ministers at Florence and Naples are by no means warm in the cause which the great body of their countrymen have espoused. On the contrary, these personages are reported to have a deep sense of the error that Englishmen commit in sympathizing with Italian liberty, and to have no scruples in lamenting the delusion to courtly listeners.

A representative who behaves with marked coldness to men of liberal opinions, who avows his approval of Austrian domination, and professes not to encourage the notions prevalent among his own countrymen, is hardly likely to further the constitutional cause in Tuscany, or to induce the Pope to rule so as to dispense with the French and Austrian occupation. We can well understand that the more sensible advisers of such a potentate as the Grand Duke should be anxious to secure a lease of power even at the expense of the old system and the old alliance. Not only do the people look to England and France, but their rulers, wise in their generation, do not fail to see that monarchy in Piedmont has gained much by an union with the West. A Tuscan Minister is therefore not unnaturally solicitous to stand well with the two Powers, even at the cost of some separation from Vienna and some weakening of the so-called paternal system of government. Such a feeling it is evidently the duty of a British diplomatist to encourage. What, then, if it be true that Lord Normanby, Her Majesty's representative at Florence, makes no sign, but rather gives it to be understood that he is personally in favor of all that is established, and of the great Power under whose protection the Grand Dukes have hitherto lived? The French representative is said to be far more ready in his encouragement of any traces of liberalism which may appear in the conduct of the Tuscan politicians, and to him is owing whatever independence of Austrian authority has been lately shown. But both at Florence and Naples the liberal cause receives, if rumor be correct, little countenance from the Ministers of Great Britain. They no doubt duly transmit the dispatches of the Foreign Secretary, and make the observations which their instructions direct; but they carry out rather too far the maxim of the French diplomatist as to the undesirableness of zeal. Now, we think that the public at the present crisis expects more than a mere perfunctory discharge of duties, and would especially regret to hear that any harm to the Italian cause had arisen from the autocratic sympathies of an English Minister. We trust that every servant of the Crown, both at home and abroad, will endeavor in this matter to advance a cause which is founded on justice, and has received the approbation of all right-thinking men.

From The Times, 14 July.

POLAND AND RUSSIA.

WHEN the first Emperor Alexander was in England it was with great difficulty that he could be made to understand the nature and duties of a Parliamentary Opposition. When it was explained to him that the members of that party were supposed always to point out the errors and deficiencies of the actual Administration, he replied by simply inquiring whether "it would not save both time and appearances if they pointed them out to the Ministry privately, rather than in the face of the Senate and the world."

We doubt not that the present Emperor will be of the same opinion as his grand-sire, when he reads, or has read to him, the speech delivered by Lord Lyndhurst on Friday evening; and, indeed, as far as any good result is concerned, a private conversation with Lord Clarendon would have been as effectual as the eloquent speech in which the veteran statesman enlarged on the injuries of Poland and the contumelious condonation of her master.

Certainly the subject was one which well might warm the enthusiasm of one less hearty than Lord Lyndhurst. There is no chapter in the history of civilized nations so full of humiliation as that which includes the annals of Poland. The original partition was an infamy, but an infamy of a long time ago. The Congress of Vienna is a more recent event, but its associations with Poland are not less infamous. It promised an independent kingdom free institutions. All these have been wrenched away by the representatives of the Monarch who guaranteed them. They are all gone; Poland is a name; its substance is absorbed in Russia. The Pole has no country, unless he adopt Russia; and the world is expected to bow with admiring homage before the clemency of the young Emperor, who, on granting an amnesty clogged with undefined conditions, appends a warning which precludes all hope of nationality:—"Above all, gentlemen, no illusions! No illusions! I can reward, but I can also punish."

Yet what could intervention do? The day for interference is gone by. If there ever were a time when the States of Europe could have mediated to prevent the consummation of a great injury, it was in 1831, when the western nations were still glowing with the fever of the last French revolution, when the French Chambers were enthusiastic for the independence of Warsaw, and when, by the aid of a moderate force, Dembinski might have given a different turn to the fortunes of his country. But the opportunity was not seized. The French Government

were less earnest in their sympathies than the French people; and the English Government were unwilling to make a demonstration against Russia. Nor was the other opportunity seized which was opened by the recent war. As our friendship for Russia had formerly prevented, so now, when Russia was our foe, our alliance with Austria again prevented us from combining with France to restore their national existence to the Poles. The past, indeed, is sufficiently clear to justify us in predicting that, whatever other events time may bring forth, an armed intervention in behalf of Polish liberty is not one of them. We have lost two opportunities. France, who could have gained more by them than we could, has lost them too. To us it was a matter of sentiment alone; to France it was a matter of interest and sentiment. A new barrier against Russia, a new line of offence and defence against Austria, a source of ready recruits from a nation historically and intuitively martial,—such were the fruits that France might have reaped from an open and deliberate championship of Poland. But she was content to forego them; and what nation now will throw down the glove in her behalf—will encounter the risks of a new war and a new unsettlement of Europe?

So much for the material prospects of the case. It is a hard thing to write and a cruel thing to ponder on, but the fiat seems to have gone forth that for Poland there is no resurrection. She is numbered with the dead as a nation, and she can never more appear on earth in the sceptred splendor of her former greatness. But, while we record this with sympathy for the sorrows prompted by so sad a fall, we do not think the destiny wholly unmerited or wholly unmitigated. The judgments of history are generally just judgments. The life of a nation outlives the life of a man, and in its circuit comprehends that retributive award which is seldom meted out to the career of an individual. A bad, treacherous, cowardly man may go to the grave in the plenitude of wealth and character; a good, brave, honest man may die sullied in reputation and maimed in fortune. The right reward comes too late for each. Not so with a nation; it endures for many generations. It creates a future for itself, and colors that future with its own character. It reaps what it has sown; it receives what it has earned. Can any one, looking back to the past, venture to say that the present condition of Poland is out of keeping with its antecedent history? What was independent Poland? A nation governed by an aristocracy, brave indeed and chivalrous, but disunited, factious, and tyrannical, oppressing their own serfs and

selling their elected monarchs. Had Poland ever been a united people, she might have been what Russia is now. It is not so many centuries back since to any thoughtful mind Poland must have presented more chances of prosperity, strength, greatness, and empire than the rude and uncivilized Muscovy, whose name was hardly known in the Courts of Southern and Western Europe. The Polish nation, which impersonated the energy of the pure Slave blood, alternately despised and repelled the rival aspirations of the barbarous Russians, whom it was near reducing into dependence.

The reversal of a doom which seemed so certain must be ascribed to causes which have continued to influence the fortunes of the two kindred but antagonistic peoples ever since. As it was to the action of individual freedom that the long superiority of the Lithuanian nation was due, so it is to the vigor of political organization that the origin and consolidation of Russian power is due. The Poles were great in despite of their imperfect institutions; the Russians became great by virtue of institutions created for them. As the versatility, courage, and capacity of the Poles have survived the fall of that weak Government which carried the seeds of dissolution in its frame, so the scheme of the Russian autocracy has knitted together the heterogeneous materials which make up the Russian empire; and in this will probably be found the best hope of the Polish

people. Incapable of agreeing among themselves and establishing a national government on the basis of harmony and patriotic self-denial, they can yet guide and govern an empire which contains more elements of identity and attraction than of dissimilarity and repulsion. Unable to be a people themselves, they may be the leaders of another but not alien people. Unable to submit to the self-imposed terms of a free constitution, they may temper and mould the government of a Sovereign whose ambition is as boundless as his empire, and whose empire depends upon the abilities and valor of those whom he employs. Ancient Greece avenged the spoils of Corinth by rearing the splendors of the Capitol and introducing the graces of domestic life into Rome. Modern Greece is avenging a slavery compared with which that of Poland is perfect freedom by the silent and certain subjugation of Moslem pride, ignorance, and indolence to Christian knowledge, industry, and skill. "The whirligig of time brings about its revenges," and in their course it may be reserved for the Poles, vanquished, nationless, and dependent, to repair the wrongs of a country which could not remain free because it would not remain united, by giving to their conqueror counsellors who will not transfer their services to a foreign Court, like Walewski, and soldiers who will not turn their arms against their own fatherland, like Paskiewitsch.

COWPER'S LADY AUSTEN. — Will any of your readers tell me anything of this lady beyond what is to be found in Hayley's and Southey's *Lives* of the poet?

Hayley tells us that the reason of her leaving Olney was her disappointment that Cowper did not marry her, and says that he derived this information from Lady Austen herself. Southey (vol. II. p. 62, edition 1835) endeavors entirely to do away with this idea, and, in its place, only tells us that "Lady Austen exacted attentions which it became inconvenient or irksome (to Cowper) to pay."

This is in speaking of the second and final rupture which severed the connection between them.

In a note to page 818 of volume I., Southey quotes the following sentence from Hayley:

"On this principle I have declined to print some letters, which entered more than I think

the public ought to enter into the history of a trifling feminine discord, that disturbed the perfect harmony of the happy trio at Olney when Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin were the united inspirers of the poet."

Southey adds that the rule which Hayley has here laid down was applicable only during the life of Lady Austen.

Are these letters in existence? They would surely tell us the real state of the case; but, in their absence, we may be allowed to indulge the romance which Hayley's *Life* bequeathed to us — a romance which has certainly sufficient foundation in the great personal beauty of Lady Austen — in the evidently great attraction which existed almost at first sight between herself and the poet — in the quarrel between the two ladies, the sudden rupture of the so great intimacy, and in Lady Austen's avowal of the cause of the rupture to Hayley. — *Notes and Queries*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

METAMORPHOSES: A TALE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

THE Bastille had fallen!

All over France, and from France all over the world, fled the thrilling news, like the "giant beard of flame" which carried the tidings of the fall of Ilion. From city to city, from land to land, the astounding fact leaped like a meteor, boding terror to many, but filling the hearts of others with the wildest hopes. It was down, that colossal iniquity: it had fallen before the fury of the mob. Would its fall appease or inflame the victors! — would they stop there?

While these thoughts, and the thousand shapes of terror and of hope to which these thoughts gave birth, were variously agitating men's minds, a group of peasants were listening to an old soldier, as he read aloud the account of the great event from one of the newspapers of the day. The scene was the noble park of Chateaufort in Touraine, where the ancient family of Chateaufort had for centuries kept up an almost regal splendor, although the prodigality of the father of the present Count had left the family estate inextricably involved. We shall hear more of the Chateauforts by-and-by: our present purpose is with that group of peasants assembled beneath the branching shade of an ancestral oak, listening to the old soldier as he laboriously spells his way through the narrative, every syllable of which falls on greedy ears. They had come to dance there; for it was Sunday evening, and the villagers made a pleasant summer holiday of dance and flirtation, often honored by the presence of "the family." They awaited the arrival of their "orchestra," which consisted of a *cornemuse* played by the village cobbler, who was humpbacked, and was thought to be a genius; and while they were gabbling and gesticulating the endless nothings of conversation, a young man, whose aspect was not exactly that of the gentry, nor yet of the small bourgeoisie, came among them, with rapid steps and face lighted up, as if agitated by some celestial vision. He answered their respectful greetings by drawing his nostrils tighter, but never opening his lips, and thrusting a newspaper hurriedly and emphatically into the hands of Sergeant Roussel, with his finger pointing to a particular passage, hurried past, and was lost in the avenue of trees before any one spoke a word.

"What can have come to M. Victor?" said pretty little Nicotte, the milkmaid, still farther turning up her little turned-up nose.

"He knows Ma'mselle will be here at the dance, and yet he won't stay. What is there in that *thing* he gave you?" Nicotte, who of course could not read, had a certain awe of books, and thought they were all Latin; but newspapers inspired her with little respect, so she called them things.

Sergeant Roussel, a weather-beaten but sturdy old soldier, happened to be a scholar — that is, he could, with considerable labor, read an easy book, an accomplishment which gained him even more respect than his vigorous arm. He glanced at the paper, and the very words, "The Bastille has fallen!" made him speechless for awhile. He read the words over and over before he could persuade himself of their truth, and when he communicated the fact to the curious bystanders, it was received by them with a sort of stupefaction. They eagerly begged him to read all about it, which he was doing with great earnestness at the moment we chose for the opening of this history.

He finished, but the hearers, who had held their breath, and now once more breathed somewhat freely, still remained in a state of semi-incredulous stupor. They could not comprehend the fact, and yet it seemed overwhelming in its consequences. To hear that the people had danced all night on the ground where the Bastille once stood, was to them a sort of sacrilege. A few incoherent ejaculations broke from them, but for the most part they were silent.

The arrival of Goulard the barber was quite a relief to them, and twenty voices saluted the little man with —

"Goulard, hast heard it? Is it true — is it possible?"

Goulard was a small man, with an ostentatious nose, which he blew like a trumpet. Indeed, most of his functions were performed with emphasis: he ate with noise, drank with gurgles, walked with importance, talked loudly, laughed loudly, and spat — O! it was a scene to see him *cracher*! What Frenchmen in spitting are to all other men, Goulard was to all Frenchmen: he seemed to despise the universe as he did it! Small though he was in stature, he had "great sentiments," as he constantly assured his audience. His soul loved the great and grandiose. His very profession was not miserably restricted within the confines of his village: he was a barber to France and the Universe.

Goulard was somewhat of a republican. The "great sentiments" of fraternity and equality naturally belonged to his great soul. He shaved men of liberal sentiments at a lower charge than others. He drew the imperfect tooth of Rousseau's admirers with more sympathy than he could bestow on less exalted minds. The news from Paris had so

enchanted him that he absolutely refused payment for the chin he had just scraped (and cut considerably, but *that* was excusable after such news), because he said the reign of brotherhood had begun. When, therefore, he joined our group in the park, he was in high spirits. He walked with more majesty, and threw out his chest more imposingly, as if asserting the Dignity of Man.

"Yes, down it is, the infamous!" he exclaimed. "That is what I call liberty—true liberty!" and he made an attitude.

"What do you call liberty?" asked Sergeant Roussel, with something ominous in his tone.

"Sergeant," replied Goulard, "for a man of your muscle, allow me to remark that your education has been somewhat imperfect. What is liberty? Why, the right of pulling down prisons—the right of—"

"Goulard, if you have any respect for the weight of this arm—"

"I have—I have! Nobody respects muscle more."

"Then you will moderate the expression of your sneaking rascally sentiments in my presence."

"Do you mean to say, Sergeant, that you're sorry the Bastille is down?"

"Of course he is," interposed Nicotte; "so is every one, except those squinting rascals who expected to be clapped in there."

Goulard had what he euphuistically called "a certain grace" in his manner of viewing objects; and this grace his enemies maliciously called a squint. Nicotte was not one of his enemies; indeed, Goulard used to declare, "She is my weakness—that woman is my fate;" and he loved her so implicitly that Nicotte, returning his passion with but a mild warmth, was too much flattered by it to feel indifferent to him. Yet she plagued him sadly. That was her delight, the little witch. Perhaps, also, it was the source of her power over him: the more she wounded his vanity, the more eagerly he desired to gain her approbation. "She would make an aristocrat of me," he used to say, "if a soul like mine could apostatize."

"Suppose," said Nicotte, turning to Roussel, "our good seigneur should be alarmed, and emigrate like the others, what would become of us?"

"Timorous milkmaid!" exclaimed Goulard, with an air which he meant to look profound, "do you fancy the emigration will effect France? The world will go on quite well without nobles."

"I tell you what, Goulard," she rejoined, "you are too clever to be healthy—much! You are one of those who, if my cows were

taken from me, would say, 'It's of no consequence, Nicotte—none. Milk the bull!'"

A loud shout of laughter from the bystanders welcomed this sally, which was quite to their taste. Goulard tried to parry the effect by observing that all women were aristocrats.

"And most men are jackasses," retorted the triumphant milkmaid. This *mot* produced a more prolonged shout than the former. It was the kind of wit which brought tears of delight into the eyes of those not highly cultivated listeners.

The arrival of the humpbacked cobbler with his cornemuse put an end to the discussion. They began serious preparations for the dance. Goulard in vain begged Nicotte to be his partner in the *bourrée*. She obstinately refused. He was a republican. It was no use to tell her about great sentiments. A republican was a man who because his bread was buttered on one side, cried to have it treasured on the other. For her part, she could n't keep patience with such absurdities. Whereupon the little man took a mighty resolution. He ceased to ask her. She was beginning to relent. She had half promised, in her own mind, to consent, if he asked her again; but instead of asking her, he carried off that odious little intriguing thing, Fanchon, who, as *everybody* knew, was the greatest coquette in the village. Nicotte could have cried her eyes out.

Gay and hearty was the dance, vigorous and earnest the exertion of the dancers. No one thought of the Bastille. Little vanities, little pleasures, little hopes, and little schemes—of great importance to them—banished the great political event entirely from all minds. Goulard chuckled, and applauded his stratagem. Nicotte felt vicious. The silent sky, reddened with sunset, was darkened at the horizon by huge masses of sullen cloud. Still the cornemuse seemed untiring.

The notes of the cornemuse, faint in the distance, reached the ears of Victor Marras, pacing up and down the avenue of elms, giving free course to the impetuous rush of ideas which sprang up in his mind as he thought of the great news. He knew what those notes were; he knew that perhaps *she* would come to look on, and perhaps join in the festal gayeties of her peasants; he knew that there he might see her, speak to her, perhaps dance with her; yet he made no movement towards the spot. The truth is, he was afraid to trust himself in her presence, excited as he was. The long secret of his life could not, he knew, be withheld from her, if they met now. And it would be madness to risk his happiness when the events with which the time was big must soon bring them nearer to each other. At present they were

still separated by that broad gulf which kept the nobles from the people. She was of an ancient house; he was the son of a poor lawyer, who had died, leaving barely enough to support his widow and child. Alliance between them was clearly impossible — rank, fortune, prejudice, all separated them. But Victor, while he saw the obstacles, saw a chance of their removal. Rank, at least, would soon cease to be an obstacle. The Count de Chateaufort had none of the prejudices of his race or caste. He read Rousseau, and discussed the "Rights of Man" with great temperateness. He admired Victor, and had been kind to him. Why should he refuse him on the score of rank, if rank itself ceased to become the thing it was, and men learned to look more for worth than parchments?

Such was the theme on which his active brain played variations as he paced the avenue under the soft light of the setting sun. He was young enough to be perfectly sincere in these hopes. He was so absorbed in them that he did not hear the rustling against the leaves, or the light footfall which brought Adrienne de Chateaufort right on the path in which he stood, only a few paces in advance of him.

"How grave we are!" said a merry voice.

He looked up. His heart beat. A giddiness, which quickly passed away, was succeeded by a strange feeling, half dread, half pleasure, as he took the outstretched hand, and muttered something quite unintelligible.

"You started as if you had been conspiring," she said, laughingly, shaking back her auburn tresses, and looking him in the face with an air of comic interrogation. "Were you?"

"I was."

"There's a confession!"

"And so do you — and so does every honest heart in France. There are times when every man who thinks is a conspirator. He sees the miseries which distort the beauty of life; he thinks of better things and happier days; and when the right moment arrives, his *thoughts* translate themselves into *acts* — the dreamer becomes an agitator."

There was an air of enthusiasm, a little theatrical, perhaps, but only keen observers would have noticed that, and a certain fervor of conviction in Victor's manner, which was very captivating to the young girl who had often heard him talk in this strain, and who had the sort of sympathy with it which men comfortably housed have with descriptions of houseless misery: it touches the sentiments, and does not alter the comfort. Adrienne had the prejudices of her caste, but they were not very strong; and she had

heard her father and Victor discuss the questions, which in those days were discussed with fashionable freedom, till, without giving up her pride of birth, she had learned to look on republicanism as *poetical*. Victor, poor fellow, entirely mistook the nature and extent of her sympathy; and had it not been for a certain undefinable something in her manner — a certain shield of wit, caprice, and pride, with which she guarded herself from his familiarities, he would long ago have declared his passion.

"You have heard the great news?" she asked, as she walked beside him across the park towards the sunset, upon which her eyes were fixed.

"I have. I cannot shake the burden from my mind. My thoughts are heavy with forebodings. The fall of the Bastille is little in itself, but as a symbol it is immense. It is the people treading the great scene. A prison the less is nothing; this is the symbol of despotism vanishing before the roused spirit of a nation! That despotism has lasted too long. It is gray, decrepit now. Man has been subordinate to titles. But the day has dawned wherein an energetic soul will once more be the patent of nobility. Men, low born but daring-hearted, will now find their sphere."

Her gaze was still upon the sunset. On what were her thoughts fixed?

"Look at my case," he continued. "My education has been such as nobles seldom have, or profit by, and yet I am a miserable lawyer, with scarcely a client. My boyhood has been passed in communion with the greatest intellects the world has yet seen; my aspirations have been fostered, my faculties developed. I feel within me great powers. I feel I could play a part in the State. It cannot be misguided self-love, for *I am not vain*. I know myself; I have scrutinized my powers and pretensions. Truth is my only ambition; virtue my pole-star. And yet I stand upon the threshold of life, and look forth upon the world to find no career open to me in the present state of society."

"Why do you not go to Paris, and try your fortune there?"

"Because love keeps me here," he impetuously answered.

She turned her gaze upon him. Was it anger, was it surprise, was it inquiry which gave that peculiar look to her eyes, and made him repent his precipitate avowal?

She did not speak. Her look had been rapid, and was now once more fixed on the far distance. "You did not perhaps know . . . that I . . . loved some one," he said hesitatingly.

She did not answer.

"When a boy, I loved a little child. I left her a fairy, and returned from college to find her more lovable than any fairy—a true and tender woman."

Adrienne seemed agitated.

"In her loving tones," he continued, "there was a something which made my pulses tremble, in her eyes a divine serenity which calmed my soul. Her presence was an influence, giving me high thoughts and pure resolutions. I lived but for her. Through the long winter nights, when all was still, and the very dogs were silent in the streets, I stood beneath her window in the snow, watching the glimmer of her lamp, just as a lonely helmsman on the sea raises his thoughts to some faint distant star. And when a sudden darkness told me her prayers were ended, there rose a fervent 'God bless her' from my heart, and I turned home to dream."

Adrienne had hurried her pace, and listened with great impatience to this story; but still she spoke no word, and Victor, ignorant of whether she understood him or not—uncertain whether, if she understood him, it would displease her—now quietly said—

"You did not know this, then?"

"How should I know it?" she exclaimed, the sharp tones of anger seconding the flush of her face and the flash in her eyes. "And of what interest is it to me? You had better make the young lady herself the confidant of your romance. Here is papa!" And she ran towards the Count, who just emerged from behind a clump of trees.

CHAPTER II. — TWO CHARACTERS.

ADRIENNE DE CHATEAUNEUF was a brilliant and charming creature, but she was by no means a heroine of romance. I am sorry to say she had almost as many faults as virtues. Her very beauty was not irreproachable; perhaps it was all the more charming from its defects. Her lovely auburn hair, so greatly admired by all men, was far less successful with women, who thought it "such a pity so pretty a face should be disfigured by red hair." Now, just that diversity of opinion which existed about her hair, existed about her character. To some she seemed a gay, loving, sparkling, wicked little fairy, whose caprices were the originalities of a charming character, whose pride was only a grace the more. To others she seemed a spoiled child, wilful, capricious, vain, and coquettish. I really think there was truth in both opinions. Her hair *had* a red tinge in it; but without that tinge would it have been auburn—would it have been ravishing? Her character *was* capricious, but without her caprices would she have been so

fascinating? Without her vanity and coquetry would she have been so agreeably dangerous?

Now, when she eagerly seized the opportunity for running away from the man who was making a declaration which roused very unamiable feelings in her little bosom—*what* was the cause of her eagerness? what had roused her anger? Did she not love Victor? Well, yes, she did—more than she would have confessed; more, perhaps, than she herself knew. But if so, why this anger? Simply because she was jealous. She had completely misunderstood his allusion. And the idea of Victor's loving any one else, was an offence her pride could not brook.

The matter is not, however, so simple as it appears from the statement just made. Adrienne is excessively indignant at his loving another; but she would have been little less indignant had she understood him to refer to her; which may seem very unreasonable, and not convey the most favorable impression of her character, but which is nevertheless, strictly true. Victor, who naturally could never have divined this, was led into a terrible mistake in consequence, as we shall see.

Adrienne was more consistent than she was thought to be. Her love for Victor was strong enough to make her proud of him, delighted in his society, and flattered by his homage, which her womanly instinct had long ago rightly interpreted. But it was not deep enough to make her think of him as a husband. She was affianced to her cousin, the Chevalier de Figeac. She had been affianced to him from her cradle. The Chevalier was a man of family and fortune. He had not many ideas, no talents, no striking qualities; but he was a gentleman, and irreproachable as a *parti*. She did not in the least love the Chevalier, but she had no sort of repugnance to the match her parents had arranged for her; and to give up such a husband under such circumstances (although easy enough for heroines of romance), was not at all in the character of Adrienne de Chateaufneuf—not, at least, for a man whom she loved no better than she loved Victor Marras.

She had known Victor ever since she was a child. She had seen a great deal of him, for he had been quite a protégé of the Count's. He had taught her the little Natural History she knew, and had greatly aided her general culture. The only clever young man with whom she was often thrown, of course exercised a certain spell over her mind. But he was always destroying his growing influence by some fault of manner or disposition, some error of breeding or of character. His vanity led him into frequent

mistakes; sometimes it made him ridiculous, which in the eyes of a witty woman is fatal. He was brusque in his manner, and sometimes that brusquerie jarred upon her. Moreover, he wanted the refinement of her own caste; and this want, had it been more absolute and pronounced, might have been an advantage to him—it would have acted as a contrast, and given him a certain relief. But, unhappily for him, he was too near the standard of good breeding not to make his deficiencies glaring. Instead of having the aspect of individuality, his manners were those of unsuccessful imitation. A man had better eat with his fingers than eat with his knife. Metaphorically speaking, Victor ate with his knife.

These rapid indications will suffice to show why Adrienne, loving Victor, did not love him with that intense, absorbing, unreflecting passion which could have made her forget that she was to be the wife of another, or dream of a day which should release her from her engagement. But, as I said, she was flattered by his homage, which she perfectly understood—had no idea of losing him; and when she thought that he loved another, she was excessively indignant with him. In her anger she accused him of falsehood to her, looking on his past demonstrations as so many hypocrisies. Very unjust, no doubt, all this; but can an angry woman be expected to show much justice?

Victor, in the blind confidence of his vanity, had never perceived the manifold causes which kept her love in abeyance. He sometimes felt she returned his passion, and he sometimes doubted it; but he never divined what were the reasons which so changed her conduct as to excite his doubts. When she quitted him, with flushed face, to join her father, he hesitated for a few moments, until the light suddenly broke in upon him:

"She is jealous!—then she loves me!"

His bosom swelled with triumph as he joined the Count and Adrienne. She would not look at him; but her averted eyes flattered him as much as if she had bent them on him in tenderness. He conversed with the Count in a strain of high enthusiasm about the recent events. He was eloquent; and every word he uttered only made him more hateful to Adrienne, who thought his coxembry insufferable.

When they parted, she made him a stately bow, which gave him unutterable pleasure. He walked rapidly home.

"Why, Victor!" exclaimed his mother, as he entered the room, "has the king sent from Versailles to beg your personal acquaintance? Or what has occurred to make you so exhilarated?"

"The king!" he answered, with lofty

contempt, as if a republican of his calibre was to be flattered by the acquaintance of crowned heads. "No, mother, greater news than that. She loves me."

"My poor boy!" she said, shaking her head dubiously: for her son's passion, long known to her, caused her many sleepless nights.

"You have always warned me, mother, because you know not Adrienne's superior nature. But all doubts are now at rest forever: she loves me."

"Has she told you so?"

"No; but I know it."

His mother sighed, and looked fondly on him.

"I declared myself not an hour ago."

"You did?"

"In the park. We were alone. It came from me before I was aware of it."

"And she was not offended?"

"On the contrary, she was deeply hurt."

"Victor?"

"And in her anger betrayed her love. In telling her my story, I did not name her. She thought I alluded to some one else, and she left me in a storm of jealousy. But a word from me will explain all. O, mother, she is an angel!"

With this he threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her fondly. She pressed him to her bosom, and then made him relate, detail by detail, the whole scene. When he finished, she wiped glad tears from her eyes, and confessed that it was quite clear Adrienne loved him. But now came the difficult question of her family. The engagement to the Chevalier could not lightly be broken off.

"O, mother, I have no doubts. The Count is above all petty prejudices; he adores his daughter, and makes her happiness his first consideration. The Chevalier is a man of honor; he will not hold her to an engagement from which she shrinks. She loves me: all is implied in that."

His mother was not easily persuaded; but at length his arguments and her own wishes convinced her, and she passed a sleepless night revolving all possible combinations, building endless castles of hope. She believed her son worthy of a princess. His talents, his learning, his high spirit, his lofty aspirations, had given her something of his own sublime confidence in him. For although he has not hitherto shown himself to the reader in any brilliant colors, Victor was one of those young men in whom calm observers detect great promise, and in whom friends devoutly believe. He had the peculiar quality of inspiring others with a belief in some gigantic capacity, if once its proper sphere be opened. Such men abound.

Their friends say of them, "Ah, let but So-and-So once have a chance, and he will out-strip every one." Somehow the chance never arrives; or if it arrive, So-and-So makes no conspicuous figure; but his credit remains unshaken. In politics, in philosophy, in literature we constantly hear of So-and-So as the hope of a party or a clique. He goes into Parliament, and makes no noise; he writes, and is little read; but still his friendly fame continues. We need not here pause to inquire into the causes of the failure; it is certain that such reputations are exaggerated, but it is equally certain that they have some basis of personal influence.

Victor had talents, but they were not commanding. It was his personality which was commanding. He had perfect faith in himself. He had lofty views, and a certain eloquence in expressing them. Although not a man to originate thoughts, he had a natural affinity for the great thoughts of others. He was a man fitted to play a conspicuous part in times of revolution; and he played it, as we shall see—though not by any means so great a part as his own ambition and the belief of his friends had carved out for him.

When Goulard passed on his way home from the café, whither he had been to play dominoes and discuss politics after the dance, he saw a light burning in Victor's bedroom, and, thinking the young student was still poring over his books, had a strong impulse to go to his room and imitate him, for Goulard had a scholarly ambition too, in a small way. But the image of Nicotte banished that idea. He had achieved a triumph over her which surpassed anything he had yet achieved: he had made her jealous. It is true that he had made himself unhappy at the same time, and cursed himself as a libertine and heartless barber; but he had made her jealous, and so strong a demonstration of feeling she had not hitherto shown. She was furious with him; but he promised himself the pleasure of consoling her. The little man walked six feet high as he made himself this promise!

All night long the lamp was burning in Victor's room—not to light the student, but to light the happy lover writing to his mistress. He tore up twenty different letters, and could not satisfy himself. At length, as the gray streak of morning ran along the horizon, he sealed the letter which completely satisfied him. Having done so, he rose, stole softly down stairs, and let himself out of the house, for he found it impossible to sleep. He stood in the silent street, and looked towards the breaking light of morn with strange mysterious feelings. He walked rapidly through the village into the open country,

and gave full vent to the active imagination which was shaping a future for him.

After rambling for some hours, he turned back, and bent his steps towards the chateau. He there met Nicotte, to whom he gave the letter, having extorted a promise that she would herself give it to Adrienne's maid. He then went home to breakfast, and told his mother what he had done. She did not quite like it. Without being able to give any reasons, she felt he had committed a mistake. He only smiled.

CHAPTER III.—THE DECLARATION.

At Chateaufort that morning the breakfast had been considerably disturbed by political discussions, which were so threadbare in argument that it was quite marvellous they could again have been brought forward. The Count, a snuffy, fussy little man, was one of the many nobles who in the eighteenth century played at philosophy, and gave their support to revolutionary opinions, the consequences of which they were the first to execrate. He was very timorous, and, like many timorous natures, delighted in dangerous ideas. He was a firm believer in the Rights of Man—on paper. In actual practice he was by no means disposed to abate one iota of aristocratic privilege. He laughed at Christianity, and hated the Jesuits. But he would have applauded the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and was as staunch a defender of the Church, when he joined the emigration, as any zealous believer. Something of his opposition to the Church and society must be ascribed to his love of contradicting his sister, the Countess de St. Marc, and her son Henri, who lived mostly with him. They were ultra-Royalists. So also was the Chevalier de Figeac, his other nephew. The three attacked him, and drove him into the extremes of opposition. He was, they thought, too conciliating in his manners, and reasoned with the bourgeois and peasants as if they were his equals. "I reason with them as if they might one day be our masters," replied the Count—more for the sake of the epigram, than because he believed what he said.

"The world is turned upside down!" exclaimed the Countess.

"I must say," interposed Henri, "that the idea of the people meddling in politics, seems to me as absurd as it is dangerous."

"We shall have our horses undertaking to decide how and when they shall be ridden!" said the Chevalier with ineffable contempt.

No more specimens of their conversation need be given; the sentences just uttered will indicate the tone. On this morning,

the discussion, as we said, had been stormy, and not wise. The recent events in Paris had really alarmed the Count, as they had alarmed the others; but he was provoked by sister and nephews into making light of it. The Countess had spoken with unusual asperity. Something was evidently meant by her words more than the mere opinion they expressed. The Count perceived it, and taxed her with it.

"Yes," she replied, "I have cause to be incensed that a man of your age, position, and sagacity, should give countenance to theories which sap the very foundation of society and religion. You have encouraged Adrienne—perverted her once candid mind."

"Once candid, aunt!" said Adrienne, coloring.

"Once candid, niece; but candid no longer."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that never till this day did a Chateaufort disgrace the name. Never, till infamous and irreligious notions had destroyed all principle, could a daughter of the Chateauforts think of breaking her solemn engagements, and keep up clandestine correspondence with low-born wretches unworthy of being admitted into her society."

The Countess spoke bitterly, and with shrill emphasis. Adrienne was utterly surprised; her father and cousins looked at her for explanation, but she was too bewildered to speak.

"What is all this, Adrienne?" asked the Count at last.

"Indeed, papa, I know not. If my aunt will kindly be more explicit in her accusation, I will be as explicit in my answer."

Pausing a while, and looking angrily at what she considered the unblushing effrontery of her niece, the Countess laid down her knife and fork, saying:

"Do you not love that Victor Marras?"

The words burst like a thunderclap on them all. The blood rushed to Adrienne's face as she energetically answered, "No!"

"No!" retorted the Countess, somewhat staggered. "You do not."

"I do not," firmly repeated Adrienne.

"I hope I have been mistaken," said the Countess dubiously; "but if so, this letter will require explanation." She handed the Count a letter, which he read eagerly; laid it down, took it up again, and read it once more with deliberation.

It was Victor's letter! Nicotte had given it, as she promised, to Adrienne's maid. But Adrienne had come home in a very bad temper the evening before, and happened to have vented some of her temper on the unoffending maid—as other ladies have done

ere now, and will do again. No sooner did this damsel get the letter, than, wishing to gratify the desire for vengeance still rankling in her mind, she, with many hypocritical speeches, placed it in the Countess' hands, feeling sure that it was a love-letter, and would bring her mistress into trouble. It was with the smothered wrath excited by this letter that the Countess descended to the breakfast-table, and finally made the accusation we have heard.

Having a second time gone through the letter, the Count handed it in silence to Adrienne. She read it with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils. The opening words were an insult; every succeeding line increased her anger, but she read it through, and then, flinging it contemptuously on the table, exclaimed, "The man is insane!"

And indeed she thought he was.

If her character and the state of her feelings be borne in mind, there will be no difficulty in understanding her indignation. The mere fact of his daring to make a declaration would have irritated her under any circumstances. She knew he was in love with her—she had long known it; but she had always kept him at the respectful distance which made his homage agreeable, because not dangerous. A declaration to an affianced bride could not be otherwise than insulting, and from one in the social position of Victor it was doubly so. Thus, had he avowed his love the evening before, when they were alone, it would have angered her; but present circumstances were calculated to increase her exasperation. She had been pointedly accused of loving him, she had as pointedly denied it; and in the frame of mind in which her denial was made, she spoke sincerely. But now after this denial comes a letter, every line of which would have shocked her by its bad taste and its amazing coxembry; and this letter assumes her love as if it were a matter of fact, tries to soothe the jealousy which she was indignant at having been supposed to feel, talks of their marriage in a quiet self-assured tone, and thus seems to confirm all her aunt had said, and give the lie to her denial.

Knowing her state of mind, judge what must have been the effect of a letter which ran thus:

"The stars are shining, *ma bien aimee*, with a quiet holy light. I have just quitted the window where I stood looking at them, speaking to them of you! A sweet calm descended on my spirit—a calm which my spirit needed after the agitation of this day—the day, my only loved! which assured me that the dream of my life was about to be accomplished—*was* indeed accomplished; for may I not call you mine? may I not now

feel that our souls are united? O, my adored one, never did I think that a look of anger from you would have sent a thrill of rapture through me! And yet it has been so! Your anger — very natural anger, when you misunderstood me — was an arrow! No, Adrienne; I love none but you! I have no thought but you. You have ever been my star, my ambition, my existence! The great thoughts which have early lined my brow, were all inspired by you — by the hope of being worthy of you. If I am anything, it is your work! If I play a part on the theatre of life, it will be your inspiration. Ah! how could you think me capable of loving another? How could you have misunderstood my language? The day I love another will be the day when I am expelled from the gates of paradise, and, like Cain, wander among men, the brand upon my brow! The stars look down upon me as I write — could I in such a presence write a word that was not true? Adrienne, I love you — that is my testament!

"And now about your father. Shall we at once confide our passion to him? Shall we wait to break it gently? He loves you; he esteems me. He knows my qualities. I have no fear of his refusal. But I should like it to be broken tenderly to the Chevalier. We must consider his feelings. He is to lose the greatest prize the world has to offer: let the blow fall gently!

"Adieu! *ma bien aimée*; I shall see you early to-morrow. I have a volume of philosophy your father lent me. I will bring it in the morning.

VICTOR.

If the letters he tore up were more comical than this, they could hardly have been more injudicious. Adrienne at that moment felt nothing but insulted pride.

"I knew my daughter was incapable of such folly," said the Count, fairly reassured by her look and tone. "But the presumption of that rascal is inconceivable."

"Let him be ducked when he makes his appearance here," said the Countess, still with some misgiving in her mind as to the sincerity of her niece.

"Nay," said Adrienne, "let us receive him calmly. If he is really mad, he is an object of pity. If not — if his presumption has blinded him, let us quietly convince him of it."

"To the horse-pond say I!" exclaimed the Chevalier, striking the table.

"You intercede for him?" inquired the Countess, with a certain sharpness in her tone.

"No, aunt; but as my dignity is here at stake, you will allow me to suggest that any violence offered to this young man will only compromise me. He fancies I am in love with him. If my family commit an outrage

upon him, he and his friends will attribute it to *their* indignation — not to mine. To convince him that his vanity has grossly misled him, he must be told so by me, calmly, with dignity, in presence of you all. If you can but restrain your anger so as to let him see that my actions are not dictated by you, but spring from my own feelings, his vanity will have no pretext to keep up the delusion."

"Adrienne is right," said the Chevalier. "She always is. She has more head than any of us. But as I feel I should not be able to contain myself, I shall withdraw."

She gave him a kind smile, as he kissed her hand and quitted the room.

The Countess was forced to be convinced, and yet a certain suspicion lingered in her mind. She could not understand how Victor's delusion could have assumed so definite a shape without encouragement on her niece's part. Adrienne, indeed, forgot that encouragement; nor would she have acknowledged it even to herself. Such strange creatures are we, and so prone to self-sophistication!

Very shortly the servant announced that M. Marras desired to speak with the Count. He was ordered to be admitted.

It was an anxious moment for all.

The Countess held her breath, fixed her eyes on Victor, and read an air of triumph on his face.

The Count and Henri, after the salutation, looked down on their plates.

Adrienne was pale, and very calm.

No sooner had Victor taken his seat, and returned the volume which he had made the pretext of his visit, than he felt an indefinable uneasiness steal over him. There was something in the air which disturbed him.

Adrienne rose, and, walking towards him with queenly self-possession, handed him his letter, saying:

"By some strange mistake, this letter, which could not have been intended for me, has been placed in my hands. I read it through before I discovered that it must have been meant for another. You will excuse my inadvertence."

Victor felt dizzy. He was unprepared for an explanation at this moment, and in this company; but persisting in his old notion of her jealousy, and feeling that disguise was now useless, he determined to risk all. "There has been no mistake," he said, rising.

"The letter was meant for you."

"Confounded villain!" burst forth the impatient Count, unable longer to restrain himself.

"I am no villain," answered Victor, drawing himself up proudly. "I love your daughter — love her not with the idle fancy

of a heart unoccupied, but with the devotion which makes life itself the servant of a mighty passion."

A scornful laugh burst from the Countess and Henri, but the Count was furious.

"You will suffer for this. You have basely betrayed my confidence, abused my kindness, and——"

"I have used your kindness, not abused it, Count. Who taught me that Rank was but a happy privilege, not a real distinction? You! Who flattered my hopes of better days, when virtue would create an aristocracy? You! Who sent me to college, where my mind was raised to an equality——"

"Ungrateful scoundrel! do you now reproach me with my kindness?"

"No, Count; I never can forget it. But, having taught me to despise conventional distinctions, you should not blame me, now I do so."

"It is not now a question of conventional distinctions," said Adrienne firmly, "but of your delusion. You fancy that I love you. I do not know on what that persuasion rests, but I must tell you very plainly it is a delusion."

He staggered as these quiet words fell on his ear. He could not wholly comprehend them. Some dreadful mystery seemed involved in them. For opposition on the part of her family he was prepared; but *this* blow struck him where he could not have anticipated it.

While he leaned against the chair for support, he saw the Countess fold Adrienne in her arms, and kiss her approvingly. A light broke in. Adrienne was the victim to family tyranny. They had forced her to this. Her paleness and her calmness told too plainly of the violence which was done to her feelings. "Count!" he exclaimed with sudden passion, "you are doing an unholy thing in forcing your daughter to deny her own heart. She loves me—why is she torn from me? Had I soiled my youth with every vice, a family escutcheon would have hidden all. The narrow forehead and narrow heart, if consecrated by a title, may claim the fairest! And I, who offer a life without a stain, a heart that beats for her alone, I am rejected, and with scorn! I see in your scorn-lighted eyes that you do not think me of the same humanity as yourselves——"

"This is not a debating club," said the Count, rising, "but my chateau; and as I have no time to listen to your harangues, I request you will shorten both them and your visit. Your presence is an intrusion." "Adrienne!" exclaimed Victor, turning to her.

"M. Marras," she said haughtily, as she rose and left the room, "I have already told you, in the plainest language, that your delusion is incomprehensible to me. If you persist in it in spite of my denial, I must at least withdraw myself from the insult of your familiarity."

Victor now indeed felt that all was over. He felt that he had been duped, and that he made a ridiculous figure. Maddened with rage, he turned upon the Count, and apostrophized him thus:

"It is very well. Yet mark my words! Passion clears the way through the future, and makes my threat a prophecy. The time will come when you will kneel to me, and sue for mercy, your fortune, nay, your life, dependent on my will; and when it does come, you will repent the heartless insolence of this hour; but, strong in the remembrance of this hour, I shall be implacable!"

And with a defiant air he strode from the room.

That time did come, as we shall see. But the prophecy was saluted by shouts of laughter from those whom it was meant to terrify, but who only perceived the absurdly theatrical manner of the angry youth.

CHAPTER IV. — A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THE angry and theatrical youth hurried to his home, his anger not a little heightened by that very theatrical emphasis he had given to its expression,—just as the loud tones of quarrelling excite the quarrelsome spirit. He was not sorry to find his mother absent. Writing a few impatient lines to tell her of what had occurred, he packed up a small knapsack, and set off for Paris, with very wild schemes fermenting in his heated brain. He would go to the capitol; he would take a part in the great events. His talents would soon make him conspicuous. When Adrienne heard of his renown, remorse would smite her. She would learn to estimate the man she had rejected.

With thoughts which were all variations of this theme, he beguiled the weary way to Tours, where he was to find the diligence for Paris. But in the absorbing activity of these schemes he lost his way, and night came on before he had recovered it. Tours was still some leagues distant, but he was resolved to reach it if possible that night. He could sleep in the diligence. It began to rain—the quiet, steady, drenching August rain, which seems to concentrate in a few hours the rain of the summer months. Still he trudged on, footsore, but resolute. It was very dark, and the wind blew coldly on the drenched limbs of the wearied youth; so that, when he espied the distant glimmer of

a light shining through the windows of a cottage which stood alone on the wild dreary moor over which he was passing, he began to debate within himself whether it would not be better to ask for a night's shelter, and proceed in the morning on his way to Tours. He would lose a day, and a day in such times might be important. Might there not be another such event as the storming of the Bastille transacted on the very day he was absent? The suggestion made him dismiss the idea of asking shelter. But as he neared the cottage, the thought of shelter grew more and more inviting. In his soaked condition, was there not danger of his catching a violent cold if he entered the diligence without first drying his clothes? He was now within ten paces of the cottage. It was perfectly still. The fire-light gleamed cheerily. He knocked. The door was opened by a broad-chested, dark-haired, determined-looking man of about thirty years of age, who somewhat roughly asked him what he wanted; and when Victor stated his position, and his desire to be allowed to dry his clothes, warm himself, and, if possible, be permitted to sleep on a bundle of hay, if no bed were vacant, adding that he was willing to pay for such accommodation, the man harshly replied —

"This is no inn."

"So I suppose. Can you then direct me to an inn, or to any cottage where I shall be likely to find what I want?"

"There is not another house of any sort within eight miles."

"Do you object to my warming myself by your fire for half-an-hour?"

The man hesitated for a moment or so, and then said —

"You can warm yourself if you like, but you can't stay."

Thanking him for this churlishly-granted favor, Victor entered the cottage, and, setting down his knapsack, drew a stool close to the wood-fire, on which a kettle was simmering. The warmth was so grateful to his chilled limbs that he cared little about the ungracious hospitality to which he owed it. As he began to feel more comfortable, his thoughts wandered inquisitively to his host, who, although perfectly alone, without even a dog for a companion, seemed so chary of admitting any one into his society. This could scarcely be fear of robbers, for there were no signs of a wealth to tempt, or of a poverty which might be avarice concealing wealth. It could scarcely be philosophic love of solitude, for the man, although intelligent-looking, was obviously not a hermit; and yet it was clear that he was chary of having his solitude broken in upon, and uneasy at the presence of the stranger. He

spoke rarely, and in brief sentences. He sat before the fire, with his hands hanging listlessly between his knees, his eyes fixed upon the flaring logs, his brow tense with pre-occupation. Victor began to feel vaguely uncomfortable, and congratulated himself that he was not going to spend the night there. Feeling the silence oppressive, and seeing a book lying open on the table, he began by asking what it was; and, to his gratification and surprise, learnt it was the *Social Contract* of Rousseau, which had for years been his own favorite work. This led to a conversation which soon became animated. The fall of the Bastille was spoken of with fervent enthusiasm; and the hopes which such an event gave earnest of, were expressed by the now eloquent host with an energy which captivated Victor. The dark eyes of the peasant glowed as he predicted the downfall of the aristocracy. He seemed to think less of the sovereignty of the people than of the destruction of the nobles. It was clear that his political creed was inspired by a feeling of hatred. In this Victor entirely felt with him, for the moment at least. Their quick sympathy soon made them friends. Like most Frenchmen, they could not continue talking without talking of themselves; they confided their wrongs to each other. Victor told how his affections had been outraged — telling it, of course, in his way, and giving himself entirely *le beau rôle*. His host, who gave his name as Pierre François Gandon, told a simple, but heart-rending tale of the seduction of his only sister by the young Marquis de Fontaines, and of the suicide of the miserable girl. Nothing could be more unlike the elaborate manner of Victor than the concise simplicity of Pierre, who spoke slowly, letting his words fall like blows. When Victor asked him if the Marquis had not been called to account, he looked for a moment at his questioner, and in that look there was something which rendered words unnecessary. Their eyes met; and although it would be impossible to say what Victor read in the eyes of Pierre, he read there something which was an answer.

A long silence ensued. Both allowed their thoughts to occupy them without seeking for expression. Suddenly a wild and thrilling cry broke the silence. It came from a distance, but it had something in it of the terrible agony which transcends the cry of fear and the cry of pain — something which, whenever heard, is known to come from one in the violent throes of death. It made Victor spring from his seat. He looked at Pierre, who sat motionless, but whose lips were compressed, and whose breathing became audible. Victor felt at once that,

whatever had occasioned the terrible shriek, Pierre was in some way mixed up with it.

"What was that?" asked Victor.

"The cry? who knows? On this moor we often hear them. Some say the place is haunted. Don't be alarmed. If there are ghosts, they never come here."

This was said so calmly that Victor's confidence was shaken. All had become silent again. Except the washing rain against the windows, no sound was heard without. Pierre seemed perfectly unmoved. Was it that he really believed the place to be haunted? or was it that those cries were so frequent as to have ceased to produce more than a momentary impression on him? Victor was utterly puzzled. He re-seated himself, and tried to listen to Pierre's political prophecies, which were continued with an unfaltering voice, as if the interruption of the cry had been no more than a flash of lightning. But in spite of his calmness Victor felt all his old uneasiness returning, and this time increased by a thousand horrible suspicions. He began to seek for a properly polite phrase which would intimate that he was now ready to resume his journey, and yet felt a little delicacy in hurrying away just after they had been startled by that cry. While he was thus reflecting, Pierre, who had been silent for a few moments, asked:

"Did you ever think of the best method of securing vengeance?"

"No. But if I had a vengeance to wreak, to make it secure I would trust in no one but myself."

"That is the common way, and that is why it so often fails."

"What, then, would be your plan?"

"I'll tell you, because I feel that you may one day need the knowledge, and I wish you to succeed. *Do not trust yourself.* Passion makes the hand unsteady, blinds the judgment, is always self-betraying. The utmost coolness is required, and an injured man cannot be cool. No; if you have a vengeance to wreak, wreak it by the brain and hand of another."

"But how am I to get the brain and hand devoted to me?"

"Seek out some one who wants yours, and exchange services. Thus, to take our two selves as illustrations. We have both been deeply wronged, and our wrongers know it. They naturally mistrust us; if any harm befall them, we are at once suspected, and in such cases definite suspicion is three parts detection. But the man who has wronged me has never seen you; he does not mistrust you: if anything befall him, you are never suspected, for what motive could you have?"

Thus you have free access where I should be excluded; you have no agitation in his presence to make your hand falter, or to confuse your ideas, as would be the case with me; and, finally, you escape suspicion. Let me, therefore, use your brain and hand, and in exchange you use mine; — we thus secure vengeance and escape pursuit. Instead of hiring a bravo who might betray me, I gain an accomplice."

"But then we each commit a murder —"

"And what is vengeance but murder?"

Victor had no reply to this.

"Either," continued Pierre, "we must forego all vengeance, or we are fools not to see and secure the means of certainly obtaining it. Now, I am not disposed to forgive —"

Victor was still silent. Unable to answer the specious argument of his host, he felt unutterable repugnance rising within him.

A knock at the door startled him. Pierre rose, and a young man powerfully built, curly-haired, and comely-looking, entered the cottage. He checked an exclamation of surprise at the sight of Victor, made him a good-humored salutation, and instantly took off his dripping coat, and began to warm himself. There was in the new-comer, whom Pierre called Charles, and who was evidently the younger brother, a rough heartiness of manner which gave a much pleasanter impression to Victor than he had received from the elder brother. He seemed the type of a frank, bluff, honest fellow, incapable of a sinister thought; only Victor noticed the extreme pallor of his face, which the dark hair, eyebrows, and dark beard rendered still more striking.

After warming himself for a few minutes he left the kitchen, and went into the bedroom adjoining. His brother shortly afterwards followed him, leaving Victor to his thoughts, which were somewhat contradictory. The frank and pleasant younger brother seemed such a contradiction to the elder, who, although on politics he had the noblest sentiments, seemed to Victor to have villanous moral sentiments; and this younger brother too — how singularly pale his frank face was!

Before these contradictions had in the least been reconciled, the brothers returned.

"M. Marras," said Charles, "my brother Pierre has told me he refused you a bed here to-night, which I declare to be inhuman, for in such a night a dog should n't lie out if I could help it. But Pierre is a strange fellow," he continued, giving his brother a playful slap on the shoulder; "and, although as brave as a lion, is as fearful of having

strangers to sleep under our roof as if he were a rich old miser dreading robbers. I'll tell you the reason, that you may not think worse of him than he deserves."

"I can tell it myself," interposed Pierre, laughing. "First, let me ask you, M. Marras, if you walk in your sleep, or talk in your sleep?"

"Why, as to talking in my sleep, I cannot say; but I am certain that I never walk in my sleep. On the contrary, I am a good, steady sleeper, seldom dreaming, and not easily awakened."

"That's enough," said Pierre. "But I couldn't ask you the question point-blank when you first wanted to spend the night here; and you must know that in my youth I was very superstitious, and suffered greatly from ghostly terrors, which the reason of manhood has enabled me to overcome, greatly at least. But I once received such a shock from a sleep-walker coming to my bedside—I believing him to be a ghost (reason is powerless against emotion in such matters), that I have ever since dreaded sleeping under the same roof with a stranger. There now, you know the cause of my refusal to give you a lodging. Will you accept it if I now heartily offer it?"

Victor would perhaps have rather declined, in spite of the howling wind and lashing rain, but he knew not how to do so plausibly, and therefore accepted. The explanation Pierre had given, and Charles' frank manner, re-assured him somewhat.

While supper was being prepared, conversation became animated. All Victor's uneasiness was fast disappearing, when, as Charles leant across the table to arrange the knives and forks, a small streak of blood became visible on his shirt. Slight as this was, it was like a flash of light; the wild cry, Pierre's compressed lips and hard breathing, the deadly pallor of Charles' face, which had now disappeared, the cool and malignant theory of vengeance Pierre had expounded—all seemed connected with that small streak of blood. The hurried sounds of approaching horsemen, followed by a loud knock at the door, called their attention from him. Charles went to the door, and found two horsemen, who vociferously exclaimed:

"Good M. Gandon, there's a murdered man out on the moor! Bring a shutter, and help us to carry him here! Jean is with him."

"A murdered man!" exclaimed Charles, with horror. "Pierre, come with me."

Pierre started up, and took a shutter down, while Charles, with hurried questions, asked "if the poor fellow was dead—who

it was—where the body lay—how they discovered it?" and so forth.

In a few seconds, Victor was left alone in the cottage. Could these men be innocent? Was this anxiety real? If guilty, what astonishing presence of mind! If innocent, what strange coincidences! In a little while the party returned, bearing the body of a young man, whose dress and mien showed him to be a gentleman. His pockets were turned inside out; the buckles had been torn off his shoes. The murderer had robbed him of everything. He bled profusely, but was still warm, and breathed faintly.

They carried him into the bedroom, and laid him on the bed. There one of the horsemen bound up the wound as well as he could; and when everything had been done that could be thought of, Jean had been dispatched for a surgeon. The horseman stood a while chatting over the dreadful event with the two brothers, and finally departed for Tours, with many congratulations to the brothers Gandon upon the probable good-luck which would befall them in consequence of the care and attention they had to bestow on the wounded man. The Gandons were already known for their good character; this would increase their fame.

The surgeon came, examined the wounds, dressed them, shook his head when asked if there was any hope, and replied—"Who knows? Some men recover from worse; others sink under far slighter wounds. All a matter of stamina!"

The brothers were to sit up and watch. The surgeon mounted his horse to return to a woman in labor, from whom he had been called, promising to ride back as soon as he was free, and leaving all necessary directions. Victor retired to the hay-loft, which was to be his resting-place for the night. He was glad to be alone. The events of the night bewildered him. He could not shake off the conviction that Charles had murdered the young nobleman; and yet Charles' manner, and the reputation the brothers seemed to have for integrity and kindness, made the deed inexplicable.

He threw himself upon a truss of hay, but sleep was impossible; his brain was in a fever. His own plans, his own wrongs, were forgotten; nothing but the conversation of Pierre, and the events of the night—crossing and re-crossing each other in fantastic ways—occupied him. For hours he lay thus, sleepless. The night seemed as if it would never end, and he pined for the gray streak of dawn. He could hear the low sounds of the brothers talking in the kitchen—sounds which, because ever and anon

dropping to whispers, seemed suspicious. At last the remembrance of what Pierre said respecting sleep-walkers suggested a dangerous plan of setting his doubts at rest. He resolved to creep down, and overhear their conversation; should he make any noise which might betray him, he could pretend to be in a state of somnambulism. He at once put the plan in execution; and probably the rattling of the windows prevented the slight creakings of his steps from being overheard.

"No, no, I tell you," were the first whispered words from Pierre which he distinctly caught, "he must take his chance. If he lives, why, the deed must be better done some other time. If he dies—which is most probable—he dies under our roof, under our care, and with the doctor's testimony. Remember, the doctor has seen his wounds, and knows exactly what they are; anything fresh will be brought home to us."

"Pierre, if this man escapes from us, Fontaines will escape from Lestang!"

"Lestang will take care of that. Besides, although we have not fulfilled our contract this time, we may another."

A pause here made Victor think of slipping back into the loft. Indeed, he had heard enough to convince him that his worst suspicions were correct. He turned, when this question arrested him:

"Does the youngster suspect anything, think you?"

"I am not sure; but his silence is easily secured."

With violent-throbbing heart Victor listened now to hear what these wretches intended with him. But not another word was spoken. It was a moment of horrible anxiety; and when Charles said presently, "I wonder whether he sleeps," Victor felt as if the crisis were at hand. He was entirely unarmed. The brothers were both

powerful men. Rescue was out of the question; there was no house within miles, so that his screams would be useless. His only chance was to regain the loft, and lie in wait to spring upon them as they ascended the ladder.

He was once more in the loft, but the brothers stirred not. The dull sound of their voices still came unintelligibly to him, but they appeared to have no thought of molesting him.

The surgeon now returned. Victor heard him ask after the patient, and on being assured that he still slept, said, "That's all right. He will live yet." He put up his horse, and entered the house to spend the rest of the night there. This relieved Victor of all apprehension about himself, and throwing himself on the hay, he sank into a profound sleep.

When he descended in the morning he found the surgeon at breakfast with the brothers, who pressed him also to join them, but he pleaded the absolute necessity of his being in Tours time enough to start with the diligence. They did not insist, and as he bade them adieu, it seemed as if they were glad of his departure. Pierre placed a letter in his hands, saying:

"In Paris you will need friends, especially those who can appreciate your talents. This letter will be of use to you."

On looking at the superscription, Victor read the name, then beginning to be famous, of Camille Desmoulins. Unwilling as he was to accept of anything from the hands of such a man, this introduction to the republican journalist was too precious, and too closely allied with his ambitious hopes for him to refuse it. He started for Paris, bent on regenerating the world, and had not strength or integrity enough to avoid this complicity with a murderer!

BACON AS A REWARD OF CONNUBIAL FELICITY. — I forward a paragraph quoted in *The Athenæum's* review of Ewbank's *Life in Brazil*, which seems worth transferring to the columns of "N. & Q.:"

"A word on 'heavenly bacon,' *toucinho do ceo* — a species of light pudding, composed of almond-paste, eggs, sugar, butter, and a spoonful or two of flour — because its name reminds one of olden times. The glorification of bacon is of very ancient date, and arose partly from prevailing enmity to Jews, but oftener from the

estimation in which it was held. The most popular and esteemed of carneous aliments, it was given as rewards for rural, and particularly for connubial virtues. *El tocino del Paraíso el casado no anepiso* — Bacon of Paradise for the married who repent not — is a mediæval proverb."

The antiquary who would investigate the origin of the Dunmow Fritch will find in this mediæval proverb a hint worth working out. — *Notes and Queries*.

From The Examiner.

Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan; with Historical Notices of the Countries lying between Russia and India. By J. P. Ferrier, formerly of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and late Adjutant-General of the Persian Army. Translated from the Original Unpublished Manuscript by Captain William Jesse. Edited by H. D. Seymour, M. P., with Original Map and Woodcuts. Murray.

THE publication of this volume, as an English work, is directly due to the influence of Mr. Seymour, who, having met General Ferrier first at Teheran and afterwards at Pondicherry, on the second occasion saw his manuscripts and offered to procure for them an English publisher. The more remote but chief reason for the publication, in this manner, of a book which, as written in French by a Frenchman, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the press of France, is the natural interest felt by the English in the state of India, and especially during the last few years in the country about Herat. We have now before us the book from which, when it was in manuscript, portions were read at the meeting of the British Association in 1854; and now that it is all before the public, the impression of its great interest, and of its importance both politically and geographically, is more than confirmed.

M. Ferrier's work has been so well translated, by Captain Jesse, that it reads as though it had been originally written in the language through which it first comes before the world; and we speak without exaggeration when we say that we have rarely of late met with any book of travel which so nearly succeeds in including every merit that a book of travel ought to have. It is of a kind to interest men of all sorts and all degrees of wisdom.

In the first place as to the person travelling; he belongs to the best class of French soldiers. Well born, he began life as many respectable persons do in France, by entering the ranks as a private; thence rose by his own merits in African service; and was sent out about sixteen years ago to Persia with other picked officers, to succeed the English officers who had been engaged in drilling and organizing the Persian army. In Persia he obtained his honorary rank of adjutant-

general, and he became also a perfect master of the Persian language. Disputes with the Russian embassy at Teheran led afterwards to his dismissal from the Persian Court, and as he obtained no redress at Paris, he at last resolved to find his way to Lahore, and follow the example of French officers who had already accepted service under Runjeet Singh. His design was to travel to Lahore through Persia and Afghanistan. The attempt was made ten years ago; and thus it happened that about four years after the disasters of the British army in Afghanistan, a brave and candid French officer, with a frank respect for England, a quick eye and ready wit, undeterred by the fate of Stoddart and Conolly, placed himself in the power of Yar Mahomed at Herat, and, while obstinately believed to be an Englishman journeying across the country of the Affghans and the Beloochees, pushed onward from Herat — sometimes over ground never before traversed by Europeans — to be again and again turned back, and thus became able to report fully upon the state of the whole region.

These attempts at exploration were made by General Ferrier, subject to constant risk of life and liberty. Having a quarrel with the Persian Court, he was obliged to slip through Persia quietly. Under the name of Yusuf, and in the character of a Greek merchant from Mosul, he associated himself with the caravans upon his route, now journeying with a caravan of traders, now with a caravan of pilgrims. Speaking Persian perfectly, wearing simply the coarse linen shirt of the Arab, which is bought for about five shillings, and lasts two or three years; and carrying no heavier baggage than a felt carpet for bed and bedding, a saucepan, and a small iron stove, — M. Ferrier, when the book opens, leaves Bagdad to join a caravan, attended by a Persian servant, Ivan, who is a great rogue. Ivan knows too much his master's secrets, but it is his merit that he also knows the country. One incident in the subsequent journey is the (very nearly fatal) poisoning of M. Ferrier by this man, with the tasteless powder of a very deadly herb. His robberies, of course, were incessant, and it required some skill safely to get rid of him at last.

But M. Ferrier was a traveller with skill and tact, always ready, as a soldier trained among the African Chasseurs should be, with his resources, not daunted easily, and

the right man to come out alive from a long series of dangerous adventures. His perils were many and great; but though his narrative is picturesque and lively, there is not a trace of boasting. The risks were inevitable; and, among the Belooches and their neighbors, such as only a soldier shrewd as well as bold could have faced without destruction. All incidents of risk, however, are told from a soldier's point of view; and, in fact, much less insisted upon than one might think natural and fair. There is enough, then, of peril and adventure to make any boy hang over this book with pleasure; while the sound judgment, and the educated soldier's eye, that select only matter of note, and prevent everything from being set down which is not strictly noteworthy, give to the work all the solidity desirable by the most earnest student.

Upon General Ferrier's experience with his first caravan we must not dwell. He went as a Greek Christian, and men "covered with vermin, and smelling of rancid butter enough to suffocate one, used to run out of the way," to let him pass, keeping to windward that they might not be tainted by air from his person. While staying at Hamadan, to recover from the effects of the poison administered to him by his servant, M. Ferrier had a good opportunity of noting the behavior of the holy race of Syuds, the descendants of the Prophet.

"On arriving this day at the Sertip's house, I found several Syuds with him, who were doing their best to talk him out of some money, and, unless one has witnessed the fact, it is impossible to conceive the impudence of these descendants of the Prophet; they are the veriest bloodsuckers of the people, who are obliged to keep them at their own expense. Nothing can equal their arrogance, but so sacred is their origin in the eyes of Mussulmans, that, generally speaking, they are afraid to refuse their demands, intolerable as they may be. One of these Syuds was disgustingly dirty and the most uncivilized ignorant brute I had yet seen. Presuming on his descent as a Syud, he took his seat above the Khan, whom he menaced with all the wrath of Heaven if he did not give him ten tomauns, which he required, to pay for finishing the building of his house. When breakfast came, he, without ceremony, plunged his filthy hands into the same dish with the Khan, who seemed by no means pleased to have him as a guest, and especially to be obliged to eat with him;

but he was a Syud, and the Sertip resigned himself, though unwillingly, to the observance of established customs. Breakfast over, the holy man pocketed the ten tomauns, and was, I thought, going to retire. The saying, however, that the more you have the more you want, was never better illustrated, for the rogue was not yet satisfied; he wanted a cloak for himself, some linen for his sons' pantaloons, and five quintals of corn for bread. When he heard these accumulated demands, the Khan could no longer suppress his anger, and launched out with such a volley of the vernacular, that I feared for a moment the illustrious blood of the Prophet would scarcely protect his descendant from a hearty application of the stick, in addition to the other donations. At length the Sertip cooled down, but he was evidently annoyed that this scene should have occurred in my presence, and, to put an end to it, said to the sacred beggar, 'Enlist, and I will then take care of you and your family, otherwise don't come here any more and annoy me with demands which I certainly shall not satisfy.' The Syud seemed to lay these hard words very little to heart, for he quietly turned to me and said, 'Sahib, you must have a very bad opinion of us Persians, to see how cruelly they treat the descendants of their holy Prophet. In your country how do they look upon the clergy?' 'Why, like dogs,' said the Khan, giving me no time to reply. 'It appears that the constellations are not favorable to-day,' said the Syud, rising; 'I shall return to-morrow.'"

The next caravan with which M. Ferrier travelled, being a caravan of pilgrims, had a Syud for its head-man.

"A Syud, and not a *djilo-dar*, is in this case the head-man, and is blindly obeyed in everything. For two months previously to his intended departure, this descendant of the Prophet scours the towns and villages, inviting the faithful to join his green standard, and undertake a pilgrimage to the holy places. A sufficient number being collected, he passes them in review, and, raising the wind from each to the extent of four or five sahebkrans a head, promises to conduct them in safety to all the shrines held sacred by pious Mussulmans; these are Meshed, Shah Abdul Azim, Koom, Kerbelah, Sammarah, Kazeman, and Mecca. He promises also to halt at the best and cheapest stations, to preserve them from the effects of the evil eye, the temptations of the devil, the machinations of bad genii, to consult the stars, to leave on propitious days—in a word, he promises to make this pilgrimage the hap-

piest and most acceptable to God that ever was made. Each pilgrim thinks himself specially favored if he is allowed to perform gratis any service for the chief Syud, and during the whole journey this individual is the object of the most delicate attention. A tent is always at his disposal to shade him from the heat or protect him from the rain; some drive the flies from him, others water the parched earth around the spot on which he sits; his clothes are washed, his dinner cooked; each pilgrim is, in short, delighted if by any act, however menial, he can hope through him to propitiate the Prophet, and obtain a blessing from heaven. To be allowed to kiss the Syud's hand, or the hem of his garment, is all the remuneration they expect, and this he grants with the coldness of ascetic pride, appearing to consider that the kind offices which he continually receives are nothing more than what is due to his meritorious and holy life."

M. Ferrier being seized with fever at a halting-place of this religious caravan, every one refused to admit him to a corner of his tent. Warned by his late escape, he was endeavoring to travel with no servant at all.

"Exposed to the burning rays of the sun, covered with perspiration and flies, and forsaken by every one, I entreated some pilgrims to give me a little water, but in reply they only abused me, as on the preceding evening; at last, and for a shilling, one of them filled my *tumla* from his vase: this done, he turned to his companion and said, 'But Abbas the Most High has ordered us never to give water to these infidels of Christians, and I fear I have sinned. 'That is true,' replied the other; 'but we Persians are so humane, *murvetdarestini*. You have sinned. Make him swear to become a Musulman, and do not give him the water till he has professed the faith of Islam.' Hearing this, I made an attempt to seize the jug, but unluckily upset it: sufficient, however, remained to quench my intolerable thirst. At length Heaven took pity upon my helpless state, and a wretched peasant making a pilgrimage to Meshed on foot happening to pass near me, he agreed to serve me on condition that I allowed him to cook his meals apart and respected his creed. I eagerly accepted his terms, and, though badly attended, I was glad indeed to make so good a bargain, and be relieved from the necessity of asking for assistance at the hands of the fanatics my fellow-travellers."

Having got among the Turcomans, of whose atrocities General Mouravieff, the conqueror of Kars, gave after the return of his

embassy to Khiva, thirty or forty years ago, so dreadful an account, General Ferrier devotes a chapter to the history of these man-stealers, of their famous horses and their way of training them to swiftness, of their forays, and their treatment of the slaves they take.

At Nishapoor M. Ferrier threw off his disguise, believing, and being advised, that with the chiefs of Herat and Kandahar he would have least to fear by travelling in his real character of a French officer. A present of sweetmeats from the governor to the miserable Greek in the caravan, and the emergence of that Greek from his tent, not in the rags for which nobody would have given two shahis, but in the full uniform of a general officer, with diamonds upon his breast, worked of course a great miracle upon the minds of all the pilgrims. They bowed, and they flattered, and they liked to be despised. To the mass, however, of the Afghan population, if only to avoid the molestation of incessant curiosity, M. Ferrier chose not to appear as a stranger. While telling the plain truth about himself to any of the chiefs, among the people he went only in an Afghan dress, attended by an Afghan servant.

"The Bokharians, Persians, and Affghans I met in Meshed, who had known Stoddart and Conolly, were agreed in thinking that the former was a brave, energetic, resolute man, but violent and of an irascible temper; and that to this unfortunate infirmity of temperament his death may be attributed as much as to the refusal of his Government to write to the Emir. Of Conolly, they spoke as a judicious, conciliating, prudent, and gentle individual, perfectly organized and by nature adapted to negotiate with Asiatics; they looked upon his death as a fatality, and attributed it to the imperious and unbending character of his companion.

"The melancholy fate of these gallant soldiers was often referred to by my friends at Meshed when I spoke of continuing my journey to Afghanistan; they assured me that my project would certainly terminate fatally. Some advised me to retrace my steps: others, who really took an interest in my proceedings, entreated me to forbear, and the majority, who cared little whether I took their advice or not, said, 'You will certainly have your throat cut; for the occupation of Afghanistan by the English, and their subsequent disasters, have caused such an irritation in the minds of the inhabitants that the presence of one single European is capable of rousing their indignation and leading them to acts of violence. Their neighbors

the Persians, who are connected with them by more than one link, but whom they erroneously believe to be devoted to English interests, cannot enter Afghanistan without exposing their lives.' These arguments were, it is true, calculated to restrain me; but when I reflected on all the fatigues, privations, and dangers I had undergone since I left France, and the possibility of being arrested in Persia, I determined to continue my journey. To shrink from the perils which I had foreseen before I left Bagdad, seemed to be the height of puerility and cowardice. With prudence, courage, and perseverance, a man almost always attains his object; and though I could not manage to reach the Punjaub, I am still persuaded that there is no country in Asia inaccessible to a European who speaks the language fluently, and is acquainted with the customs and religion of the inhabitants of the territory through which he desires to travel. The principal thing is to know how to conform oneself to their habits and modes of thought, to adopt that pliability of disposition which is necessary to meet and counteract their duplicity of character; these, with a stout heart and patient perseverance, would triumph over everything; and if I failed in Afghanistan, it was because I was the first European who had made an attempt to enter the country subsequently to the English disasters at Kabul. Hatred and distrust were still paramount, and overcame every precaution; nevertheless I made my way through many provinces, and was only stopped at Kandahar. I risked my head, it is true, but after all I brought it back on my shoulders; and if there was any necessity or reason for again undertaking the same journey, I should not, in spite of the dangers I underwent, hesitate a moment."

At Herat, Yar Mahomed, long determined to believe that M. Ferrier was an Englishman upon a mission, wished to give the visitor a grand military reception, and lodged him in honorable durance, under constant but most civil espionage. In his palace-prison he saw visitors, however, among others the doctors coming to him; and of the state of the medical profession in Herat there are, we may say, several amusing sketches in this book.

"The Sertip's visit was followed by those of several men of rank; after them came the *Hakim bashee*, doctors who hold a high rank in the society of Herat. Amongst them were Mirza Asker, Mirza Mahomed Hussein, Goolam Kader Khan, and Agha Hussein, the ancient adviser of the Shah Kamran. As in their eyes every European must

be a doctor, the conversation never ceased running on the healing art, of which they considered themselves such distinguished professors; each in turn was anxious to give me a high opinion of his talent, and I was condemned to listen to a long and absurd display of Afghan erudition. They also brought with them some of their drugs, in order that I might give them some notion of the manner in which certain chemical preparations which they had received from British India should be employed, as they were ignorant of their effects. They had, they said, up to that time given these medicines in progressive doses, until they ascertained the cases to which they were applicable. How many of their unfortunate patients had been killed by this system I dare not ask; but Mirza Asker filled up the blank by pulling from his pocket a bottle of the cyanate of mercury, requesting to know what devil of a salt this could be? 'It has been of no use to me,' he added, 'for of one hundred patients that I have given it to only one was cured — all the rest died.'

"Having finished with medicine, alchemy had its turn, for some of these idiots spend all they possess in their search after the philosopher's stone. They are convinced that the English have found it, and attribute their riches to that discovery. They imagine all European gold coins are at the outset only bits of iron, rubbed with a certain preparation, and then placed in devil's water from some well or spring, which metamorphoses it into gold. The doctors entreated me to initiate them into the secret; but I could only in a most learned discourse refer them to humanity, civilization, political economy, and the rights of man, assuring them that it was only to these and our principles of order and justice that we owed the riches they envied us. This they would not believe, and from that moment conceived the highest opinion of my diplomatic talents, admiring the cleverness with which I eluded their pressing and repeated inquiries."

And as we talk of the philosopher's stone, we must run forward several pages to quote a marvellous opinion of the Belooches upon that matter.

"The Belooches have the most singular ideas of an European that can well be conceived; struck with all they have heard and seen of their power, intelligence, and riches, they think not only that they can make gold, but also that their bodies and everything belonging to or in contact with them contains the precious metal. A few years before the date at which I am writing, Ali Khan received a visit at Sheikh Nassoor from an

English Doctor of the name of Forbes. He had been warned of the consequences which would assuredly befall him if he ventured within the clutches of this monster, but it was of no use — he was bent upon undertaking the journey, and paid the penalty of his curiosity with his life. Ali Khan murdered him in his sleep, and hung poor Forbes' body up in front of his own tent, which he ordered to be deluged with water during fifteen days consecutively. 'You will see,' he said to his people, 'that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats.' Finding, however, to his great amazement, that this proceeding did not produce the expected result, he thought he would boil the water with which the corpse had been washed, but with no better effect. It then occurred to him that the doctor, to play him a trick, had before his death made the gold pass from his body into the clothes and books which filled his trunks. Instead of burning these impurities, which had been his original intention, he had them cut and torn up into little bits, and mixed with the mortar destined to plaster his house. He had not yet had occasion to use it, but he informed us, as he related the details of this disgusting tragedy, that when he did he expected to see his house covered with a layer of the precious metal. Nothing would ever have induced him to forego this belief, and he did not disguise from me that he would have been happy if he could have added my poor corpse to the mortar in question."

Of imprisonments, of sanguinary little battles, and escapes, we need not tell, after this sample of the temper of some of the people visited. There was surely a strange relish in the hospitality of men who could bring cheerfully their cakes of black bread and their milk to him who visited their tents, and tell him laughing, as one Khan told M. Ferrier: "You are my guests; may Allah shed his blessings upon you, and may your shadow never be less! But it would have been a fine piece of good luck to meet you half a parasang from this place. Those pistols, that gun, and that sword that you always have your hand upon, would soon have been hung up in my *divan khaneh*;" and, M. Ferrier adds, "he closed his teeth upon his lower lip as a man would do who felt vexed at having lost a good chance."

We turn, for one more extract, from man

to nature. The following scene is from a part of the new ground traversed by General Ferrier, in the principality of Gour. It was a virgin scene to European eyes.

"Two hours more amongst a chain of not very high mountains brought us to their summits, from which we saw a most lovely landscape at our feet. In a small oblong valley, entirely enclosed by the mountains, was a little lake of azure color and transparent clearness, which lay like a vast gem embedded in the surrounding verdure; there was no stream from this beautiful natural reservoir, and its surplus water therefore must be consumed by evaporation. From this chain of hills we descended by a gentle slope to the borders of the lake, round which were somewhat irregularly pitched a number of Taymoon tents, separated from each other by little patches of cultivation and gardens enclosed by stone walls breast high. The prodigious height of the grass particularly attracted my attention, for it almost concealed the cattle that were grazing there. The luxuriance of the vegetation in this valley might compare with any that I had ever seen in Europe. On the summits of the surrounding mountains were several ruins, and the inhabitants on the borders of the beautiful little lake had a legend to tell of each. The north side, by which we had arrived, was the least elevated, and pastures stretched half-way up the mountain; on the west were projecting rocks of most capricious form, under which were a few copses of ash and oak: and the east was covered from the summit to the base with a forest of small trees. The southern side, quite a contrast to the others, presented a chaotic mass of naked rocks, broken up into ravines, whence gushed abundant waters and completed the circle round this oasis of the mountains. Fishermen were dragging the lake; the women, unveiled, were leading the flocks to water; and young girls sat outside the tents weaving bareks, with the most simple machinery — health, cheerfulness, and contentment were depicted on every face."

We should add, of this excellent book, that its value is increased by the notes of the editor, with which is incorporated information given by Sir Henry Rawlinson, and that the chapters which relate to Herat have been read and annotated by Sir John Login, who was surgeon to the British mission in that town.

From Hogg's Instructor.

A PHASE OF MEDICAL LIFE.

It was mid-winter. Snow lay thick upon the ground, and the biting north-east wind whistled round the corners, and hurried up the antique-looking streets of our remote country town. Pedestrians quickened their pace on the pavement, and rosy-cheeked servant-maids, as they knelt to wash the door-steps, blushed with a deeper hue at the rough salute of old Boreas, and huddled their heads in their aprons whilst the roisterer passed on.

I stood at the window of our warm and cheerful breakfast-room, my ordinary post after that first social meal was concluded. Before me was the square, or market-place, enclosed by houses of various sizes and characters, with an outlet to the left leading to the high road. My father's house occupied a commanding position at the head of the square, and extended itself right and left of the hall-door in a very imposing manner. It was of a peculiar and antique exterior, having been built by my great-grandfather, enlarged by my grandfather, who took in a neighbor's house on each side, and altered again by my father, who raised the roof another story.

These three generations of Raines', dwelling in this mansion at the head of Willington market-place, had all filled the same good office to their contemporaries; and my father, jealous of the *Æsculapian* honors won by the family, has provided that the present generation shall be as well off as their predecessors, and has devoted me, his only son, to the study of medicine, destining me to tread in his steps when he shall no longer be able to go his daily rounds among the sick, both of rich and poor, at Willington.

I had not looked out long on the wintry scene, when the sweet, familiar sounds of the chimes broke upon my ear. I could see the lofty, venerable tower of our church behind, and far above the opposite houses, and I instinctively pulled out my watch, to note if it tallied with the old-fashioned face of St. Augustine's clock. Punctual as the chimes, at nine sounded the horn of the Willington mail cheerily through the clear air, and I started at the first note, and leaned sideways at the extreme verge of the farthest pane of the window, to catch a view of the advancing vehicle. It was heavily laden with passengers, looking like rolls of woollen goods topped with hats or fur caps, as the case might be.

The body of the coach was piled high with parcels, and hung with geese, game, and turkeys, reminding us that Christmas was at hand. The horses did not prance so gallantly as was their wont, when the coachman, after making a magnificent sweep round the market-place, drew them smartly up at the sign of the Crown and Anchor, opposite our house; the heavy trampling through the snow had wearied them.

I saw a tall young man spring from the top of the coach with one bound, scarcely deigning to touch the wheel with the tip of his toe; and in another moment, I had leaped over the heaps of snow in the market-place, and was standing by his side.

"Well! here we are, Raines," he exclaimed, stamping his feet on the resounding pavement; "at least here I am, you see; and if you peep into that nut-shell, you will descry the rosy cheeks of my cousin and sister; if, indeed, the girls have not been compressed into pancakes, by the law that where two bodies are, two others cannot be." This he said with a comic look at a ponderous gentleman and his very stout wife, who had just made their exit from the body of the coach; and, at that moment, seeing our worthy vicar hastening to the scene of meeting, he greeted him with a cordial "Ha! uncle!" and I turned to welcome Mary Helmore back to Willington, and to assist her and her cousin from the coach.

Mary's first impulse was to rush into the extended arms of her uncle, the vicar, and when that warm embrace was over, I received in my turn, the cordial pressure of her little hand, accompanied by the half-reproachful words, "I am here as I promised, Edward. How could you doubt me?"

"I did not doubt your will, but your power, Mary. I feared that, by adding weeks to your stay in Scotland, your cousins would strengthen the links they were winding round you."

"You see, however, I have burst them all, Edward," she replied, earnestly. "Sweet home, once more!" she joyfully exclaimed; and passing her arm within her uncle's, she drew him gently on, leaving me to escort Rose Ferrars and her brother through the windings of our streets, and then up the shrubby path, till we all met again round the cheerful fire of the vicarage breakfast parlor.

Mary Helmore had been my childhood's chief companion, my boyhood's idol; now, she was the only girl I cared for in the world. In her absence I felt a void no one else could fill, in her presence I was always at peace. We were not of the same age, though I speak of companionship, for I was five years her senior, and all my life long I had felt myself most noble when viewing myself in the light of her protector. She and her only brother Francis were left orphans in their tenderest infancy. After the sudden death of their father, Major Helmore, our good vicar adopted his niece, the little Mary, at whose birth he lost his favorite sister; whilst Colonel Ferrars, an elder brother of the vicar, took Francis to his home in Scotland.

In any little domestic difficulty which disturbed the serenity of our worthy pastor's bachelor life, it was his habit to have recourse at once to my mother, and having pointed out clearly where the dilemma lay, he prudently left it to her to sift it to the bottom, and smooth matters for him. It was to her, then, he applied at the perplexing period when Mary Helmore arrived at the vicarage in the arms of her nurse; and easily was he persuaded to surrender the infant to my mother, who took it to her own home, to my grave annoyance, I remember; for I, who had before been first and only fiddle, was now compelled to play a less prominent part, and sometimes, I thought most unjustly, silenced altogether.

For many years I believed Mary was my sister, and I loved her as such; indeed, I scarcely know when or how the illusion was dispelled. When I was a boy, I periled my life for her sake many a time, climbing trees, and hanging on the treacherous boughs, laden with clustering cherries, that more than once broke under me, amply rewarded for my bruises when she looked up through her tears, and rejecting the tempting fruit, lisped, "Me no eat cherries; naughty cherries hurt Edward; me love Edward better than cherries."

The first time I came from school I was bitterly disappointed to find that Mary was not in the hall to welcome me with outstretched arms, and I could scarcely be made to comprehend that Mr. Ferrars had not committed a shameful depredation in depriving me of my favorite. I rejoiced that he had got her, however, when he brought her over

to see me next morning, his face full of happiness and pride in his darling. He seemed to watch her with intense affection, and when I rushed to him, and, grasping Mary, hugged her in my rough boy's arms, he looked as terrified as if a bear had encircled his niece.

My mother was devotedly fond of the child. She had tended her in her infancy, and would scarcely be induced to part with her, except on the promise given by Mr. Ferrars, that Mary should continue to be her charge; and gladly did the vicar give up the education of his niece into the hands of one so capable of superintending it.

Francis Helmore twice visited Willington to be with his little sister. I never saw him; for on each occasion I was in London, going through the ordinary course of study in my profession. My mother told me that he was a pale, melancholy boy, with glossy black hair, and penetrating eyes, that were generally turned earthwards, unless when he came in contact with a stranger; then he would gaze fixedly at his countenance for a few moments, but generally turn away with a painful look of disappointment; for the boy sought for sympathy and kindness in this world, and he found those very rarely indeed. He had a silent, deep, almost unearthly delight in his sister Mary, whose clear, blue eye, radiant with joy, and rosy, dimpled cheek, offered a painful contrast to his sickly mien. In her he seemed to find all his wishes satisfied, and everybody was struck with the healthful change that came over him after a few weeks' residence at the vicarage.

He was nearly seventeen, when his uncle, the colonel, a man of commanding stature, and fierce aspect, as far as bushy eyebrows, bushy whiskers, and bushy moustaches could make him so, brought him to Willington for a third short visit to his sister. Francis' career for life had been chosen, and now he was come to bid her a long adieu. He looked ill and wretched, and Mary, who had not seen him for three years, shrank back appalled at his wan countenance.

"Mary," said Francis, as, with his arm twined tightly around his sister, he stood with her in the recess of the library window, "this is the last hour we shall have together for a very long time. I must tell you all I think before I leave you; for there is no one cares for me in this wide world but you, Mary."

"Yes, Francis, Uncle Ferrars does, and so

does the Colonel. Mrs. Raines is always telling me how fortunate we are to have an uncle who can do so much for us."

"Colonel Ferrars love me! Ah! you do not know, Mary, how different things sometimes are from what they appear. He cares not one whit for me. He is disappointed in me, I know he is, because I am not a strong, big man like himself, and he despises me for my weakness; but, far worse than that, lately he has taunted me with my destitute position; and I, who have borne his coldness and harshness all these years in respectful silence, trusting to the coming of that happy time, when by law I should be a free agent, and from being a dependent on him, become your protector—I, who have fed on this expectation year by year, and day by day, have just been told that it is all a delusion; that I have not a shilling in the world to call my own! It appears that my father had become security for a large amount before his death, and that afterwards, almost all he left went to pay the bond. My commission in the Madras Infantry is bought with the remainder; and now I am going to India for five long years! But the saddest thing in parting with you is, to think that I shall never get rich, that I shall never be able to have you all to myself, to protect you as I ought to do."

"You leave me in good hands, Francis; think of that. Do what is right, and hope for the very best. You will soon be diverted from these gloomy thoughts in India; at least I hope so. But don't ever quite forget me, Francis," she said, letting her head fall on her brother's shoulder, to hide her tears, "and wear this locket with my hair in it till we meet again."

He passed the riband round his neck, and let the trinket rest upon his bosom. Then, as his uncle's travelling-carriage drove up, and the Colonel himself beckoned impatiently to Francis to join him, the brother and sister throbbed one thrilling adieu, and he was gone!

When and where did they meet again?

Mary Helmore grew on to womanhood, and I watched nature's chisel as it moulded her year by year into a form of perfect grace. But it was not the fair exterior alone that elated my heart with pride, when I thought I might hereafter call her mine; it was her sweet yet dignified manner, her simple reliance on the judgment of those who had cared for

and instructed her, when her own penetration was not sufficiently acute, and her unselfish devotion of herself where sorrow or suffering asked her aid. But, perhaps, that quality which bound me more closely to Mary Helmore than any other, was the calm, trustful confidence she placed in me. She had never had another companion as a child, and as she grew up she cared to form no other friendship. Her troubles and her pleasures were all imparted to my ear, and then only she seemed to feel repose.

For the first three years after her brother's departure, she heard frequently from him, and I shared her delight in the accounts she received. True, when I read his ardent expressions of love for her, his fiery hopes of winning for himself independence, with the sole object of providing for her, I secretly trusted his anxiety would be needless. I longed to tell her another had long ago made that the goal of all his wishes; but I applauded and sympathized with Francis in his worthy, noble motive.

Suddenly there intervened a chilling silence for six months. Mary was alarmed, and even Mr. Ferrars testified concern at the circumstance.

At length came the wished-for letter, and it was one of painful interest. It described, in excited, nervous language, the friendship Francis had formed with a select society of his brother officers; it spoke of extravagant hopes that he should soon gain the acmé of his wishes, and return to England a rich man; and it concluded with an urgent appeal to his sister, to testify her love for him by procuring for him that which he felt confident he should soon restore to her—the sum of seventy pounds!

Mary's look of terror, as, leaning with both her hands on my shoulder, she gazed upon me while I read this passage in her brother's letter, was, I am sure, scarcely more effective on myself, than must mine of blank dismay have been on her. I saw through the matter, but I must disguise it from her; and how was I to do it? Ardent, confiding, rash, Francis Helmore had no strength of mind, and; worse than that, I knew he had no principle to fortify him against temptation, and I felt sure he had fallen into the company of rogues and deceivers, who, discovering and seizing on his noble desire of independence, were luring

him on with the prospect of gain, and I feared to think to what lengths he might already have gone at the gaming-table.

I comforted, I re-assured the terrified girl; but I advised no compromise. Mr. Ferrars must be told of her brother's application; the supply must come from him. I had never seen our good, benevolent vicar look angry till that day; and Mary grasped my hand convulsively, as her kind uncle's brow darkened, and sternly he said, "All is not right here. I am well aware that my brother, the Colonel, allows Francis amply sufficient for his reasonable wants, and am disappointed in my nephew, that he dares to make this extravagant request. I grant it now, because it is the first; let him know from me, Mary, that the next application must be made through Colonel Ferrars."

The money was sent to India; but from that time Mary Helmore became changed. She lived in constant dread of the arrival of the post, and the anxiety, which nothing could divert, increased as the dreaded letter was constantly delayed.

Full a year passed in this painful state of suspense, and no tidings were heard of Francis, except through the Colonel, who coldly stated that his nephew was well, and comported himself satisfactorily.

At length came the expected letter, in her brother's handwriting, addressed to Mary. I had waylaid the postman that day, and finding Mary in the garden, I took the packet there, and gave it to her.

"Open it—read it, Edward. I cannot!"

And in truth she could not, for her white hand, as it rested on my arm, trembled violently, and her glistening eyes gazed upon the letter with a look of agonized suspense. I broke the seal, and a note fell from under it. Mary stooped to pick it up, and the word "Private" caught my eye, so I turned, as though inadvertently, to allow her to peruse it alone.

"No, Edward!" she exclaimed, whilst fear blanched her lips, "do not leave me now, I entreat you! Dare I open this? Surely there is evil lurking under this secrecy. Read it, Edward, and tell me what is wrong."

She sank on a garden seat near, covering her face with both her hands. What would I not have given, to spare that sweet girl the sorrow the note I read must cause her! It was a reckless, dashing epistle, written,

doubtless, under violent excitement. There were no cheerful, loving words of hope in its blotted lines, but mysterious allusions to treachery, to debt, to despair; and, finally, came a highly-wrought conclusion, in which Francis again conjured his sister to help him with money. "Fifty pounds, Mary, is all I ask; send it, or I am ruined!" Francis charged Mary on no account to let her uncle know of the request he made, and in case it might be difficult to conceal the fact, he wrote the rambling letter of news and inquiries in which his note was enclosed.

I gently broke to Mary the contents of this terrible note; but I dared not, for some time, tell her the large amount her brother had applied to her for, so deeply was distress depicted on her countenance at the bare thought of the impossibility of her procuring any money for him at all. I thought the mention of fifty pounds would have crushed her completely, but it did not. Her faculties seemed stunned for a moment, and then firmly she said, "It shall, it must be done, Edward. Oh! that I could sail with it to India myself, and save Francis from the misery he is in!" Then, pausing, she looked full into my face, and calmly asked, as though all her hope in this perplexing matter rested upon my answer, "Edward, how shall I get the money?"

"You cannot get it, Mary, to the full amount," I replied, steadily; "but if you are willing to make great sacrifices, you may send your brother a portion of what he asks; but it will take time to procure even that."

Mary's eye brightened. Sacrifice for those she loved was a privilege to which she was well accustomed; and now she joyfully gave me her dressing-case, furnished with its silver utensils, and her jewelry, to be changed into those flimsy slips of paper, which were to save her brother from ruin. Then her own little funds were hoarded till they summed up to ten pounds. Mine went also to swell the amount; yet, at the end of three months, the produce of our united efforts was only forty pounds. With what a glance of earnest, silent, grateful love did Mary regard me, when I told her the precious letter was sent off by the Indian mail!

No acknowledgment was made of it; but some months later the money was returned to Mr. Ferrars, through his brother, the Colonel. Then I found our succour had arrived too

late! I happened to be walking with Mr. Ferrars when the postman gave him that letter. I recognized the handwriting of the Colonel, and was shocked by the expression of dismay, not to say horror, which mantled on the vicar's countenance as he read the few lines which accompanied the bank-notes. When he had finished, he crushed the sheet in his hand, and exclaimed in agony, "Good God! and this is a son of my sister!"

The words escaped him unawares, for he instantly endeavored to regain his composure; but, probably observing my consternation, which I found it impossible to conceal, he turned and said, solemnly, "Edward, never name my nephew to me again. Tell Mary he is——" He stopped, and his lips compressed as he stood in thought, yet trembled as the mental contest raged. "Yes," he continued, bitterly and rapidly, "tell her he is dead! for she will never see him again in this world."

I was inexpressibly shocked at the conclusion of the vicar's speech; there was such a dreary tone of utter misery in his voice, and such a bitter revelation of hopes quenched forever. They left it to me to break the sad tidings to Mary; yet what had I to tell her? How did I reveal to her that her brother was dead, and yet that no grave had closed over him? that, banished many thousand miles from England, her night was day to him; yet that he was warmed and cheered by the beams of the same sun that then played around her drooping head.

She sank under this trial; I knew she would; yet I grieved more over the apathy that she testified for all things earthly, than over her attenuated frame, prostrate in the grasp of sickness. Her uncle took her abroad when her strength was sufficiently renewed. She returned to us more like the Mary Helmore of seventeen, yet pale and pensive. Frequent change was recommended as the great restorative, and it proved effectual at length; to all outward appearance, at least.

In the early autumn of the year in which my story opens, I had been intrusted with the delightful charge of accompanying Mary to Scotland, to visit one of her uncles, who had a fine place in the Highlands. The bracing air of the breezy North, and the cordial friendship which greeted her there, restored to her health in all its vigor, and lulled the past into forgetfulness, by leading her once

again to look hopefully to the future. In the cheerful society of the large and merry party of cousins at the "Heath," the six weeks of our appointed stay slipped pleasantly away; but, as the time of departure approached, I perceived that Mary had endeared herself so much to them all, that it would be vain to talk of taking her from them yet. They insisted on keeping her till the winter; and Mr. Ferrars consented to the plan, on condition that Oswald and Rose, her two eldest cousins at the Heath, should accompany her to Willington Vicarage when she returned.

Oswald was a fine young fellow, of two-and-twenty, tall and majestic as a life-guardsmen, frank and polished in his bearing, and, though as true a son of the soil as ever pulled a trigger on a grouse moor, yet gifted with an expanded intellect, and that charm of fluency in conversation, which others might envy, but would emulate in vain. It was his proposal, before my departure, that, as an opening to the festivities of the ensuing Christmas at Willington, we should act a play, to which he promised unbounded success. It was one of his own inditing, but founded on the simple and effective plot of the "Lady of Lyons." Oswald chose for himself the part of the Prince of Como, and fixed upon me to personate the rich Beauséant; whose character, depicted as one of deep intrigue, that scrupled at no means, however base, to attain its ends, pleased me not, and I felt sure I should not do it justice. Rose Ferrars, doubtless influenced by Mary, suggested, to my great satisfaction, that Oswald and I should exchange parts; a suggestion which our author received with decided annoyance; but at length he was fain to comply, for on that condition alone would Mary Helmore consent to act the heroine of our play.

We had a first rehearsal at the Heath; but it was a chaotic affair. None of us could in the least command our gravity, when we saw each other assume attitudes of rapture or of despair, as the case might be, in our ordinary attire; and Ronald Ferrars, a boy of fourteen, nearly quashed the whole proceedings, by cutting a summersault, when he found it impossible to bend his stiff corduroys to the precise curvature of elegance requisite for handing Pauline her fan. It was arranged that the play should be acted on new-year's eve, and that the full-dress rehearsal should take place on the Christmas eve preceding.

I left Mary Helmore at the Heath, for the duties of my profession required my return to Willington. Mary and her cousins arrived at the vicarage the day before the eventful Christmas eve. Oswald was in high force; he was full of the play, and was all anxiety to see Pauline in the dress my mother had prepared for her, that he might pass his judgment on the suitability of the attire, and thus all be in proper trim for the morrow's rehearsal. Mary was weary after the long voyage in the Leith packet; therefore, to divert Oswald's mind, I feigned some difficulty in the adjustment of the plume of the prince's hat, and when evening came on, I induced him to accompany me home to arrange the feather himself.

On the morning of Christmas eve, we breakfasted early, for I had promised to join the party at the vicarage as soon as possible, to assist in arranging the scaffoldings and curtains for the evening's performance. I mechanically assumed my old post at the window, and watched the royal mail wheel round the square; but I scarcely noticed that the horses wore nodding plumes of mistletoe, and that people in general had put on an air of festive glee. I had no interest in the coach, or in the heavy mail-bags the guard flung out of the boot; for my thoughts were occupied with her whom I had watched arrive yesterday. I had her once more at Willington, and probably, at least I hoped, we should never be separated — Rat! tat! the postman's knock! I scarcely started, so absorbed was I with my plans for the future. The door opened, and a letter was handed to me, bearing on its envelope the word *immediate*. I recognized the handwriting as that of one of my fellow-students at St. Bartholomew's, and I listlessly broke the seal. The contents were short, but most important. "What a provokingly inopportune piece of good fortune!" I exclaimed; and then, regretting that I had betrayed my surprise, I hastened from the room, to avoid the inquiries of my father, and to meditate on the proposal which that concise epistle had made to me.

It was a peculiar one, extremely novel to me; nothing more nor less than an offer of the post of assistant-surgeon on board the convict hospital-ship at Woolwich, for the space of six months. My correspondent, who had lately filled this office, was compelled by ill health to give it up for that

period, and, anxious to provide a substitute as soon as possible, he made me the first offer. If I decided on accepting it, I must apply to the authorities by the next post, and in case of obtaining the appointment, I must undertake my duties on new-year's eve.

I weighed the matter well. The remuneration offered was ample, the duties light, the advantage would be doubtless great. Then I remembered the play, and I pictured the disappointment of Mary when Claude proved a recreant; and again there flashed a thought of Oswald through my mind: he at Willington for two long months, dwelling with Mary, fascinating her with that potent charm of intellect, and gazing into her dark eyes, to see his own thoughts reflected there, and I far away! Could I trust her? I decided I could; and, after seeking the advice of my father in the matter, I applied for the situation, sure, from the information of my friend, that I should obtain it.

Evening came. I kept my secret, determined not to mar the pleasure of the rehearsal. It went off most successfully, as the unbounded applause of the select few who were admitted as spectators testified. Mary, usually timid and retiring, warmed into fervor as her thoughts became engrossed in the play; and when at length, attired in her bridal dress, she stood in the miserable hovel I ruthlessly designated the palace of the Prince of Como, identifying herself with the unhappy Pauline, she fixed her deep blue eyes upon me, with a gaze of real anguish, that I should have deceived her. Oswald was enraptured beyond bounds at her perfect appreciation of his glowing words, then trembling on her lips, and exclaimed, involuntarily, "Would that I were the prince!"

Mary stopped in her passionate appeal, but her eyes remained fixed on me; her imagination had bound her as in a spell, and with painful vividness her countenance seemed to express the thought, "Would you really ever deceive me, Edward?"

I pronounced her name, anxious to break the embarrassing silence which had followed Oswald's exclamation. The spell was broken the instant my voice resumed its ordinary tone, and when Oswald came forward to lavish his praises upon her, and smilingly entreated she would not break her heart over woes that never could be hers, two heavy tears fell from her downcast eyes, whilst her

long lashes glittered in their traces. The play was resumed. Oswald once and again during its progress envied me my part, but I only smiled as his earnestness increased.

I had not the heart to tell Mary that night my intention of leaving Willington; but Oswald was informed of my recreancy, and he fairly leaped for joy. I forgave him, for I knew his motive.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "the joy of working Mary up once more to that pitch of fervor! I thought she looked in her anguish and dismay like a breathing Pythoness."

Oswald never knew how nearly he missed his chance of "working Mary up" at all. It was only by pointing out to her the cruel disappointment it would be to all if she declined to act her part, and requesting her not to withdraw, as my last wish, that I gained her unwilling consent.

"Promise me, Mary, you will act yourself, and do your best to make up for me," I said.

"And as a spur to my energies, and a quickener to my faculties," she replied consolately, "I shall think of you, Edward, lodged within a convict ship."

"Duty and Providence send me there, Mary. Would you have me shrink back?" Then, bidding her adieu amidst her tears, I said, cheerfully, "Should you come to town with my mother in the spring, I dare say I shall be deeply interested in several of my unhappy patients. Will you venture to my cosy cabin on the *Unité*, and show me whether you have the fearless faith and gentle sympathy I ought to see in a surgeon's wife!"

"I think I should never be afraid to venture where you are," she replied; but her hand trembled within mine as she spoke.

"Look, papa!" I exclaimed, when, a boy of seven years of age, I stood with my father on the deck of one of the steamers which sailed from our neighboring seaport twice a week for the metropolis—"look at those men on the shore, chained together, and walking so gloomily over that plank into the great old ship yonder. Are they men really, papa? I never saw men yoked together like animals before."

"Those are convicts," replied my father; "they have broken the laws of their country, and they work there like horses, or like slaves, which is worse, till they have paid the penalty of their crimes. They live in

that 'great old ship,' and are now going to be shut up in it for the night. Don't forget you have seen the Hulks at Woolwich, Edward."

And I never did forget. My boyish dreams that night were haunted with long processions of those unhappy convicts, whose chains clanked heavily as they passed wearily before my eyes. I woke with a start, and a shuddering exclamation, "How dreadful!"

And here I am, a denizen of that "great old ship" myself, and a merry one too; for what matters it where we dwell, so long as the honest consciousness of well-doing is our companion? God's sunshine is round us everywhere; and wherever there is the holy indwelling of truth and integrity, there its bright rays fall on us in blessing. We hear of Woolwich often, and the world in general think of it as a place of stirring life. They conceive at once an idea of the Dockyard, the Royal Arsenal, the Military School; but how few ever think of the hives of human beings congregated together nightly in those huge and dismal Hulks! "Ah," say you, "they are criminals; they are outcasts; they deserve to be forgotten."

Look at that poor, heart-broken mother, cowering over her expiring fire, whilst near her sits the pale girl, whose needle will fly as swiftly as it does now till far into the night, to enable her to buy the bread and the fuel her mother will need to-morrow; and then ask, where is the son who was the stay of both, the heart's pride of the sister? He robbed the bank only of a few pounds, just for one night, to satisfy a hard landlord; he would borrow it, and return it to the safe in the morning, before he took his seat at his desk. Alas! he found no friend willing to lend to him; the theft was charged upon him, and his blanched cheek and terror-struck eye at once proclaimed him guilty! He wears an iron on his ankle and a convict's badge upon his arm; but, worse than these, his soul is crushed by the heavy weight of crime; he feels he can never stand amongst his fellow-men again, and say, "I am thine equal."

It was already dark in London, though scarcely four o'clock, on new-year's eve, when my friend and I drove together through the city, to take the steamer at London Bridge; but, as we glided swiftly down the river, and passed from under the damp thick

veil that hangs over the great city in its winter twilights, day looked out upon us again, and objects around became discernible in its declining beams.

"Yonder is your dwelling, Raines," cried my friend; "look to the leeward. We are fast nearing the Unité and the Defence; the Warrior lies along-shore, and is hid by the intervening forest of masts."

I looked in the direction indicated, and there I saw plainly enough the two hulks, and, as I approached nearer, I could perceive that the port-holes of the huge three-deckers were deprived of their rings and bolts, and that iron bars spanned the space the guns had once occupied. We were soon on shore, and night was fast closing in as we stood on the landing-place, from whence we were to be conveyed to our destination. "Unité, ahoy!" shouted the boatman, in a sailor's broad English, as he swung my portmanteau from his shoulder to the ground; and instantly, while my eyes were fixed on the nearest hulk, which lay about a hundred yards from the shore, I perceived four white figures spring like spectres from the deck, and descend to a boat, accompanied by a person in dark, close-fitting uniform. In a few moments the "gig" was at our feet.

"This is your carriage, and these are your four white horses," whispered my friend, as we took our seat in the stern. "Ah, Mr. Evans," he said, addressing the officer in uniform, "I am glad you were awaiting us this chilly evening. I must introduce you to my friend. Mr. Evans, Mr. Raines."

I bowed to the tall, stiff warder, who, addressing me in a gruff, ironical tone, said "I trust, sir, you will like your post amongst us."

The master of the hospital ship stood at the head of the gangway to receive us. He held a lantern in his hand, and, as we mounted the steps, he turned the glaring bull's-eye searchingly upon us. My friend gave the password, "Hercules," and immediately the cordial greeting of the master made me forget that I had set foot on the deck of a convict ship. I was shortly after reminded of it, however, by the command, "Hoist up the gig!" given in the gruff tones of Mr. Evans, and in a few moments that worthy stood at my side, and, whilst he exchanged a few words with the master, I had leisure to observe the peculiarity of his

attire. Not that there was anything very extraordinary in his dark blue uniform, or in his small, stiff, black cap, which he wore like a soldier on the top of his great bushy head, and touched with quite a military air, but it was the curious cut of his shell-jacket that struck me, according so ill as it did with his gaunt figure. As the light of the lantern fell on his silver buttons, I saw they were marked "Convict Ship."

Just then the bell sounded, and Mr. Evans, abruptly terminating his colloquy, departed with a solemn bow; whilst at the same moment, another warder, dressed exactly like him, ascended the companion-ladder, to commence his night-watch on deck.

"They are as punctual as clock-work here," whispered my friend. "There are nine warders, who take the night and day watches in turns, and they none of them like their office. That Evans is a perfect Cerberus all day while he is on guard, but, as soon as the change of bells marks the dog-watch, he is as good a fellow as ever breathed. But come, Raines, let me show you your domicile."

The master begged us to spend that evening with him in his rooms on the weather-deck, and we gladly accorded with his hospitable invitation. My friend was pulled ashore at nine in the master's boat; and, returning to my own apartments, I sat down to meditate by the bright coal fire that burned cheerfully in my bedroom.

"New-year's eve!" were the words that involuntarily passed my lips; and the sound seemed to vibrate around me, whispered by familiar voices; and, as I listened to their tones, pictures of far-off scenes floated before my closed eyes, till I had mentally fled the convict ship, and was again in the presence of goodness and beauty, in that quiet home in the north. Awaked at length from my dream, that was not of sleep, I started to find the fire struggling in its last embers. It was nearly midnight. I went to the window, and, finding that it opened from the inside, I threw it up, and looked out on the frosty night. The moon was brilliant above me; the river icebound and dark, below. Subdued sounds were heard at intervals; the plash of oars close to the ship's side, though no boat could be seen in the deep shade; the measured tread of the sentinels overhead, and the "All right" of the warder on deck,

answered like an echo from a warder below at every bell. Soon, borne along on the night breeze, came the sullen booming of an iron tongue from the great city in the distance. It was the knell of the old year; and, while thoughts, solemn as its tone, stalked through my mind in a sombre train, they were suddenly dispelled by the merry peals that rang from a hundred steeples; whilst hopes as gay as they were danced in my brain, and the brightest of the troop now assumed the form of a blissful certainty—"this year, Mary Helmore will be mine!"

"Holloa there!" I cried, starting from sleep in the morning, at the sound of what appeared a rapid volley of small shot fired at my door. The hinges creaked, and a curious figure entered, holding in one hand a jug of hot water, in the other my boots, polished with Day and Martin's best; swung to his back by a leathern strap was a coal-scuttle, and as a balance to it in front, hung a bundle of neatly-cut chips. I had heard of Hallam, the convict servant of my predecessor, and I rightly concluded this was he. The convict stripes were on his attire, but he had nothing of the doleful aspect of his class. His face beamed with good temper and a flush of health very unusual on the Hulks. He had been a private in the 12th Foot, and when in that regiment was present at the taking of the Mauritius, the one great event of his life. He afterwards deserted, and was in consequence paying the penalty at the Hulks. He had a truly military habit of never speaking to a superior till addressed by him; but, when once the freedom of utterance was given him, words poured from his lips like a torrent.

Having lit the fire, and arranged the room for my convenience in dressing, he stood in mute deference at the foot of my bed, with his hands firm to his sides, as if he had just heard the magic word "attention!" pronounced, awaiting my further commands. I really had none to give, and simply said, "A dull morning, apparently, Hallam."

I might have said, "Stand at ease!" for instantly Hallam's hands fell listlessly together, and one knee bent easily forwards; and, with a rattling volubility perfectly startling, if not altogether bewildering, he began:—"Dull, sir?—very—snow on deck—shovel it away—into the new year!—slippers!—not to be found—in the river, ice

two inches thick—cocoa or coffee! all at command—changeable climate—dreadful coughs—kept awake half the night—better order in a cask of cod-liver oil, if severe weather continues—your honor not disturbed? sleep sound—long journey—knocked too loud!—safer plan—learned that when we took the Mauritius—captain heavy sleeper—passionate man—knocked gently—no answer—knocked again—no answer—dared not knock louder for my life—stood outside, waiting till the cannons of the bombardment awoke him—desperately angry with me for letting him sleep—meant to have been first at the storming—was not dressed till the fort was taken—officers could not make it out—thought he was shot—owed me a grudge ever after—dead now!"

Hallam had scarcely drawn breath in this long spell. I caught him up as he gasped for supply, and the moment my voice sounded, his hands fell smart to his side: he was all "attention!" I dismissed him with orders for my breakfast.

I had laid my hand on the door, to exchange my dormitory for the breakfast-room, when I was arrested by the clear notes of a bugle, sounded, and repeated with marked emphasis; then other wind instruments swelled in the air, till I was thrilled by the outburst of a full band in the sweeping chords of delicious harmony which open Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." I hastened on deck, and found that the melody, which yet rang in the surrounding air, proceeded from the artillery band then playing in the Royal Arsenal, close under which the Unité convict hospital-ship lay in moorings. Each morning was that pleasure renewed; and every time that the full band struck up the "Wedding March" did my thoughts fly to Willington. I longed for Mary, that, hearing the just intonation of the band, she might catch something of the exultant spirit of the original.

The Hulks, properly so called, are two old British men-of-war, formerly of seventy-four guns each, now of seventy-four small windows, secured with iron bars, through which heaven's sunshine gleams scantily on the dreary abode of more than a thousand miserable convicts—I say scantily, I had better say not at all; for they welcome not his beams. While night hangs over earth they rest, but with the first rays of morning they must rouse themselves for toil; and all day

long they toil on ; and wearily they see him mount to the zenith, and still they toil ; and all too slowly do their shadows lengthen on the stones of the dockyard, or on the piles of cannon-balls at the Arsenal ; sick at heart, aching in every limb, still they must toil, and cease not till the sunset gun booms heavily, " the day is done ! "

The Warrior, the first of these two hulks, lay close along-shore ; the Defence, some way out in the stream. Each of these is under the superintendence of a governor, whilst soldiers guard several posts on deck. The five or six hundred convicts housed in the Warrior work in the dockyard, to which their hulk is immediately contiguous. Roused from slumber with the first gleams of the winter's sun, they must turn at once out of their hammocks ; yet it is not the alacrity of hope in the opening day that quickens their movements as they hastily put on their motley garments of disgrace ; it is the biting cold, the dread of the lash, that induce that exact, yet sullen, obedience to the will of their overseers. Each man, in the long line of, perhaps, forty convicts who sleep in each division of the decks, rolls up his hammock, and carries it on deck, where all are stowed neatly away, and then, in hungry silence, they all seat themselves on the benches ranged beside the bare deal tables on which their first meal is to be placed. The convicts take it in turns to be servants to their fellow-slaves, and it is the office of such to fetch the breakfast from the galley, and dole out to each his share. Fraud and rapine, which led the strong man with the thick bully head yonder to rob the rich man's house in the dark night two years ago, now induce him to cheat the thin, pale youth at his side of half the meal on which the boy's hope of strength till noon-tide rests. The weak have no defenders there. He is best off on the deck of a convict ship who has iron knuckles, and a will to use them, a hard heart, and no dread of either God or man. Each man thrusts forward his pewter mug, to be filled from the huge vessel which the " slaver " brings from the galley ; yet in this confusion there is order — there is the precedence of might ; and wo be to the " slaver " if he be a weak puny fellow, who dares to pour into the cup of the pale young starveling, before he fills that of the lusty Goliath at his side. Ay, those convicts, with all their lowered brows and

crouching submission to their jailers, are very fiends to their weaker fellows. Dry bread and cocoa sweetened with molasses, but without milk, form the daily breakfast on the Hulks. That over, toil succeeds. What boots the heavy sigh from the sick and hungry boy ! what though his heart is like to break, and his hand grows raging hot, as he dwells in memory on the luckless moment when he wrote the words of forgery ! He must range himself in the ranks of evil-doers, and for many a long day yet he must forth with them to labor, as a slave and an outcast. God help thee, hapless young penitent ! God keep that spark of hope alive within thee ! Thou mayest yet be free again ; thou mayest by submission now, and by a life of unswerving well-doing hereafter, repair the evil of the past.

There they go — the gangs of convicts — filing off in sullen silence, and each lifts one leg heavily as he walks, for his ankle is encumbered with a ponderous ring of iron. Dull brown serge forms their outward garb ; the stripes of infamy are on their arms, and hateful numbers on their backs and legs are the only names by which these human beings are now designated. At the side of each gang walks a warder. He is paid well for his unenviable task, and with a lynx's eye he watches his drove through all the hours of labor ; for he well knows that, if one is missing at the hour of muster, he shall lose his post. A soldier marches near, to aid him in his guard, and rashly bold would be the convict who dared to rebel, in sight of that loaded musket and glittering bayonet.

Whilst I yet stood watching the gangs from the Warrior file off to their drudgery in the dockyard, there passed, close under the bows of the *Unité*, two huge flat-bottomed boats, each occupied by as dreary a crew as I think my eyes will ever light upon. They were thick set with convicts, all standing. There must have been about two hundred men in each boat. I knew them by their brown serge garments, but chiefly by the white stripes upon their sleeves, and by that badge of slavery which was always most painful to my eyes, marking them, as it does, the lawful prey of justice, and suggesting, too, their own individual powerlessness to shake off the grasp — I mean, the odious number, in glaring white, which I saw on every black glazed hat, as the convicts' faces were directed

towards me. Some gazed vacantly before them, not one ray of the free soul shining from their dull eyes; probably they had been long serving under the yoke, and their fiery passions had been ground down to apathy. Others turned up at me a bold defiant look—they were the new comers—men whose hearts were full of revenge; who, writhing under the penalty of their crimes, are forced to submit to it; they will grind their teeth presently, as they wreak their silent hatred on rusty cannon-balls. Others had the evil countenances of fiends incarnate. I turned from them with a shudder. Many looked wan and desolate, hopeless and spiritless; and, as the boats passed, I heard one or two coughs, which presaged no long continuance of toil to the sufferers. In this first view of the convicts, I was specially struck by the apparent cleanliness and comfort of their persons. I watched them to the shore: and when the gangs had filed off to the works, each marshalled by its warder, and guarded by its soldier, I turned to descend to my rooms. Evans was at my side; he was not on duty, and I immediately saw he was not the surly fellow I had taken him for, the preceding night.

"You appear to watch those boats' crews, sir, with great interest," he said; "is the sight new to you?"

"Entirely so, Mr. Evans," I replied; "and it is one calculated to excite the interest of any stranger. Those men are from the Defence, I presume?"

"Yes, they sleep on the Defence, and that is all they see of it; for it is far too great trouble to pack all those hounds into the boats again in the middle of the day; so their dinner is cooked on the Defence (and it is not much cooking their meals require, either), and then it is sent over in the boats to that old hulk, the *Justitia*, yonder, you see, sir, lying along shore. The men come back again to the Defence at night, in the same order you saw them go on shore. Did you notice that great giant of a fellow forward in the first boat, sir?"

"Do you mean the broad-shouldered man, whose hat was marked 'Defence, 100?' Yes, I certainly saw him, Mr. Evans, and I thought he gave me a very bold, malicious look."

"Oh, sir, bless you! it was n't you he meant that look for—it was me. He caught

sight of me over your shoulder, I've no doubt, though I stood with my back to him; but he's as sharp as a tiger, and as strong as a prize-fighter—which he is, or rather was, ay, and will be again; as soon as he gets free. See this gash above my eye, sir;" and here Evans showed me a seam across his forehead, which must have once been a terrible wound.

"Well, sir, I owe that great brute we're talking about for that. I was once warder on the Defence, and he was an awful bad subject to keep under control. He hated me, and incited the others to get me dismissed—and it's easy for the convicts to get rid of a warder they don't like, sir. He owed me a grudge; and when I got the appointment to the hospital-ship here (for, somehow or other, sir, I should have broken my heart if I had been obliged to leave the Hulks altogether), he watched his opportunity, and, one day, when I was standing as you were just now, watching the boats go by, he flung at my head an open clasp-knife—where he got it puzzled the authorities desperately—and the blade was half-buried in my forehead. It was a horrid deed, but it brought no satisfaction to the doer, I should think, for he got three dozen lashes, and plenty of his own company in the black-hole afterwards; and, besides that, he was sentenced to work in chains for a month."

"This is a shocking circumstance, Mr. Evans; pray, how had you excited this bad man against you?"

"It is a long story, sir. I'd better not begin it now, for there's two-bells sounding, and I must be off with the master's message."

"How is it, Evans, your foe, the prize-fighter, and many others, wore no stripes at all on their sleeves?"

"Just simply thus, sir. There are three classes of convicts amongst us. They come to us either first, second, or third-class prisoners, according as they have conducted themselves in solitary confinement. If they have behaved satisfactorily, they rank as first-class convicts, and wear two red stripes on their arm. Second-class men, who have only been tolerably good, are marked with only one stripe; and the third-class, who are our most hardened, vicious fellows, have no stripe at all. The first and second-class men are rewarded for their good conduct in the solitary prisons, by having their time at the Hulks shortened; but the third-class prisoners

serve the whole of their sentence, unless, indeed, they improve vastly while they are with us. That Bonby, the prize-fighter, had no stripes, as you saw; yet he is in his fourth year; and if that surprises you, I'll tell you how it is, sir. Why, it shows he did not compass his own ends when he hurled that ugly weapon at my head — for it's no use at all for convicts to rebel against the law, which holds them like a vice when it has once seized them. Besides the flogging and the black-hole, the governor ordered the two stripes to be taken off Bonby's arm; so that, though he went into the black-hole a first-class prisoner, and almost a free man — for he had only two months more to serve — he came out a third-class rogue; with the prospect of three more pleasant years at Woolwich. Do you wonder that he hates me, sir?"

Saying this, Evans went off, with a snap of his fingers that was meant for a bold defiance of the pugnacious Bonby.

Hallam was right in saying, "Cocoa or coffee! — all at command;" for indeed a sumptuous breakfast was awaiting me in my pleasant room in the stern of the *Unité*, and Hallam was at hand to open the door, and place himself in the attitude of "attention!" at the first tinkle of my bell.

I had been thoroughly initiated into the routine of my duties by my friend on the preceding day; so, as soon as breakfast was over, I bid Hallam summon my convict boatmen to pull me over to the Defence. Giving the pass-word, which removed the glittering barrier of the soldier's bayonet thrown across the gangway at my approach, I descended at once to my consulting-room. I seated myself in the leathern chair by the side of the table, on which were arranged writing materials for my use, and there I awaited the arrival of my first convict patient. Presently the door was opened by a warder, a man passed into the room before him; and then the official, closing the door, stood like a sentinel to keep watch over our proceedings. I am not going to reproduce the scenes of my consulting-room in a medical light — general readers would not thank me for such revelations; but there were incidents in those interviews with my patients on the *Unité* of a peculiarly interesting nature.

My first convict patient! let me describe him as he stood that day before me, for I have

a vivid impression of the effect his appearance had upon me. A tall, comely figure he was, or had been, till consumption made him its prey. His face was ashy pale, and there was no fine hair to shade his brow, or soften the features sharpened by protracted suffering — for the convict's hair is always kept close cropped. He was warmly clothed, but his garments hung loosely about his attenuated frame, and there was something half-fantastic in his general appearance. He wore thick, clumsy shoes, much too large for his thin feet; his trousers, of brown serge, were fully two inches above his ankles, revealing the coarse gray worsted stockings, horizontally striped with red. On one ankle I saw the heavy iron fetter, which, in his weak state, it must have been most distressing for him to carry. The number in white on the leg, and again on the back, as he turned round a little, caught my eye at once; his shirt was blue, striped at wide intervals with red. Every article of the convict's dress is thus marked with the stripe of disgrace; even the under garments of flannel are streaked with red. This poor fellow was one of the many whose wearing cough had kept Hallam awake during the night. He was very ill, yet he uttered no complaint. In answer to my inquiry why he came to me, he simply said, "They sent me." When I asked what he would have me do for him, he answered, quietly and slowly, looking into my face with a piercing earnestness, "Let me die soon!" "Ah," thought I, "poor fellow! no need to hurry your rapid descent to the grave." Hallam told me afterwards, that this, my first convict patient, was a man of good birth and education — an Oxford student — and that he was on the Hulks for forgery. I saw by the two stripes upon his sleeve that he had already nearly served his time. He told me his name was Richard Wood, but I felt sure it was feigned.

The moment I motioned to my first patient to withdraw, the warder, as if by instinct, opened the door, and Richard Wood passed out before him, whilst a second convict stood in the gap. The latter was a bad-looking fellow, with such an organic development of the cranium as a phrenologist would have revelled in. He was a felon who had served a seven years' transportation at Botany Bay for burglary, before the committal of the crime for which he was now in penal servitude.

He looked in good health, and I was beginning to marvel what malady he would affect, when he coolly pulled up the trouser of one leg, and showed me a horrid ulcer on his ankle, fretted by the iron fetter which rested on it.

"Look ye there, sir! I want ye to right me that. It's hard work to limp about with such a limb as that, I can tell ye."

This speech, uttered with fierce volubility, took me as it were by storm; for the convict patients are never allowed to speak until addressed by the surgeon; however, before I had time to reply, the warder stepped forward, and seizing the man by the arm, threatened to turn him out and report him to the governor. I interposed; for the poor creature seemed really to need my aid.

"We must get that 'basil' off, the first thing, my man," said I.

Taking advantage of my compassionate look, the convict then resumed, in brutal tones, "Ay, ay, and a pretty business ye'll make of it amongst ye. Sending for a blacksmith to uniron a gentleman, as if he was no better than a ringed pig! Wasn't it enough pain rivetting it on? I warrant ye it was, doctor. Every blow of the imp's hammer gave me such a thrill of agony, that they heard my yells at the Arsenal yonder. And if I could scarcely bear it when my leg was sound, how d'ye think I'll live through it, now this cursed iron has made me sore to the bone!"

I ordered the fellow to the sick ward, till I could attend further to him; and another convict stood in his place. I must not weary the reader with an account of each. There were, perhaps, forty in all who passed in review before me. Various were their ailments; but more than a third of the number were sufferers, in various stages, from that disease so rife at the Hulks—consumption. One youth of eighteen, with a fine athletic form, came to me, complaining for the first time of a cough that teased him. He was half-witted, poor fellow, for his reason had been shaken during his year of solitary confinement at Millbank.

"I've come to you, doctor," said he, "for a drink of cod-liver oil, for I really believe I'm spitting my liver up."

Strong as this boy looked, on that morning, he was even then death's victim. He went off in one of those galloping consump-

tions which I have seldom seen but on the Hulks, and in six months he was buried in the marshes beyond Woolwich.

When the last of the long train of convicts had been dismissed, I then returned to the Unité, and went my rounds of the wards to the fore of the hospital-ship. On entering the long aisle, formed by the rows of little iron bedsteads, each tenanted by its patient, I remarked the neatness and cleanliness that prevailed around, and the airy aspect, that rendered the wards so much more attractive than I had pictured them. The beds are ranged on each side of the ship, so that the patients on opposite sides are placed head to head, divided only by the passage left between the heads of their beds, whilst their feet are towards the port-holes. I could not think at first what object in the wards it was that seemed familiar to my eyes, but at length I discovered that the carpet in my bedroom, which had struck me as being so peculiar, that I had even knelt down to examine its texture, was made of brown coverlets, similar to those I now saw on the patients' beds, sewed firmly together to make a square.

Sickness and disease are alike to all men, and there was no new form of suffering among the patients on the Hulks. I could almost have fancied myself going my old rounds at St. Bartholomew's again, had it not been for the gloomy silence of some of the wretched convicts, who turned scowling from me, as though I were doing them an injury in wishing to restore them to health and servitude, and the savage recklessness of others, who, parched with feverish thirst, or agonized with a mangled limb (for accidents frequently occur whilst the convicts are on the works), called loudly and profanely on death to rid them of their life and their woes at once. There were ten cases of consumption, some of them of short standing; yet disease had already numbered their days. There were the young and the old, stretched on the uneasy bed of pain: some hopeless both for this life and the next; others turning towards me with hollow cheeks, feebly placing their wasted hands in mine, while their sunken eyes, clear and cold as approaching death alone can make them, sought mine with the piercing inquiry, "Do you think I shall die? and here!"

The nurses on the Unité are all convicts; first-class prisoners, whose fidelity is to be

relied on. There was not a female on the Hulks, with the exception of the kind wife of the master of the Unité and her cherub-faced little daughter, Rachel. I found on each bed, as I took my seat by the patient's side, a paper, marked with his name and malady, whilst ruled lines in various directions indicated the remarks I was required to make on his case. I dated each paper, and stated the diet I wished the patient to observe, and wrote a prescription when required. These were collected by the head nurse after my departure, and given into the hands of the apothecary.

I had just returned to my room, and had already applied pen to paper to despatch my first impressions of the Hulks to Willington, when Hallam entered, breathless with mighty intelligence. He stood at my door, panting, but in the expectant attitude of "attention!" till my "sesame," "Well, Hallam!" opened the floodgates of his eloquence.

"He's coming, sir; he's coming—on the gangway now, sir—terrible man!—reminds me of the 'cat' whenever I see him——"

"Who's coming, Hallam?" I inquired, interrupting the torrent of his words; but, before he could reply, the master entered, accompanied by a short, yet commanding-looking personage, whose aspect was austere and repulsive, and whose keen, gray eye rested upon me with such a glance of scrutiny, that I involuntarily recoiled as he approached me. It was Mr. Lambert, the governor of the Defence, who did me the honor thus formally to visit me. Our interview was short, and the words that passed between us were few but decisive. He was a man of inflexible firmness, of unflinching severity: "I command; all obey," seemed a truth ever present to his mind. He was cut out for his office. Tenderness or pity he had none; justice in him reigned supreme; mercy he had trampled under foot and forgotten.

"You will, I believe, hear from me tomorrow, Mr. Raines," he said, as he took leave. "I shall require your presence on the Defence, and then I shall be glad to show you over my government."

Mr. Lambert always spoke of himself royally; and truly his will was law to the convicts.

I found that it would be necessary to see

my patients earlier; therefore, on the next morning, and always afterwards, I visited them on the Defence and the Warrior before breakfast. For the first few weeks of my residence on the Unité, I was quite pestered by numbers of the convicts, generally vicious, hardened fellows, who came to me, complaining of sprained ankles from wearing the "basil," or showing me their ankle-bone grazed by the continual rubbing of the iron above the shoe. Their object in this was, to induce me to order them boots instead of shoes, by which the constant annoyance of the heavy ring would be much alleviated. I at once fell into the snare the prisoners always lay for a fresh surgeon, and ordered so many pairs of boots that at length I began to wonder whether this rush of business to the bootmakers would not excite surprise amongst the authorities, and to suspect that this violent fit of the boot complaint could not be a disorder they would sanction.

"Bless you, sir!" cried Evans, when I took him into my counsel on the subject, "are the rogues up to their pranks already? We have all to be wide-awake here, sir, or we should be *done* by them twenty times a-day. It has got abroad amongst them that a fresh doctor has come, and they'll capsize you in no time, sir, if you're not up to them. So they showed you their ankles, sore from the fretting of the 'basil,' did they, sir? Well, you'd hardly believe it, but nevertheless it's a fact, those fellows rub the iron against the bone themselves, till they make a place bad enough to go to the doctor for. They know the sore will soon mend, and will be well worth boots in the end. I watched some of them at the nasty trick myself yesterday, and wondered how they could take it so coolly; but la! sir, these fellows can stand anything; they're like eels—accustomed to being skinned."

Evans was not far wrong in his last assertion, as I learned on my second morning at the Hulks. A note was brought to me from the governor, requesting an early interview with me on the Defence. My "gig," as I have said, was ready at my command any moment of the day, and I was soon pulled over to the Defence by my four convict rowers in white, accompanied, as they invariably were, by a warder.

I had not fully realized the importance of my position on the Unité, until I observed the

very respectful deference which was shown me by the warders of the Defence. They conducted me at once to the apartments of the governor, whom I found seated, or rather throned, in his great chair, perusing a document with a seal of potentous size, whilst several other official papers lay near him on a table. Three or four warders stood at a respectful distance, and, at the extreme end of the apartment, my eye fell on a batch of convicts, huddling miserably together, and some, who were fettered both hand and foot, trembled so violently, doubtless in anticipation of the sentence that awaited them, that their chains rattled audibly. Perceiving my entrance, Mr. Lambert rose at once to shake hands with me, and in so doing, pompously and significantly motioned to the warders to withdraw with their prisoners. In that abode of crime and punishment, I felt a sickening dread that some awful communication was about to be made to me, since the preliminaries were so ominous. I was greatly surprised, however, the instant the door had closed upon us, to hear the governor address me, in a cheerful tone, on the general topics of the day, and for some time we talked together pleasantly enough, no mention being made of the object for which my presence was desired.

"You have not breakfasted, Mr. Raines?" he inquired, at length; and on my answer in the negative, he requested me to drink my coffee with him. "But first," said he, "we must settle our little matter of business. Have the goodness to follow me."

The governor had resumed his royal tone and air in his last words, and I hesitated not to obey. We proceeded to the weatherdeck, where stood two of the warders guarding the wretched prisoners I had just seen below. The governor called one of the latter, who came forward with a bold step and an audacious mien. Coolly regarding him, the governor consulted a paper in his hand, and then, in a tone of the most callous indifference, pronounced words to this effect: "Number 450, you are accused of striking an officer, for which you are condemned to three dozen stripes. Wherefore I say, strip!"

The warders then came forward, and baring the culprit's back and shoulders, they bound him to a sort of mattress, supported in an upright position; then, standing at each side of him, they lashed him alternately with the "cat" they held in their hands. This

"cat" is an object I should have shuddered to conceive in use; I leave it, then, to be imagined with what feelings I heard its thongs descend on that convict's back, yet marked with recent wheals; for he was a hardened offender. It is formed of a stout handle, from the end of which hang fourteen tails of rope, each knotted at the end, and as thick as a man's little finger. The first lash brought blood, yet not a cry escaped the victim. That power by which he steeled himself unflinchingly to endure the pain, won him the title of king amongst his fellow-criminals. The governor looked on perfectly unmoved, and between the dozens, when the scourgers as well as the scourged needed a breathing time, he passed his arm within mine, and took two or three turns on deck, coolly remarking, "I don't think the fellow feels it. This business frequently occurs, Mr. Raines, and, as it is not a very pleasant one, we will, if you please, arrange to get it over always at an early hour. The more the culprits, the greater relish we shall have for our breakfasts. Ha! ha!"

Exhausted and almost powerless after the three dozen lashes had been inflicted, the convict had not strength to stand alone when the cords which had bound him were unloosed; yet I noticed that, in his fierce effort to hide his weakness, and defy the power of the whip to quell his spirit, he bit his lip till the blood dropped from it, and then he sank to the ground. He was removed by an official; his wounds were dressed; and then he was locked up in the black-hole, a dark place under the decks of the Defence, much below the level of the water.

The next culprit's case was a most painful one. He was a delicate youth, and I trembled for him when I saw him roughly seized and ignominiously bound. I forget what his offence had been, but its penalty was eighteen lashes. I stood near, for I expected my services would be required. There was a piteous groan as the first gash sent forth a sanguine stream; another stripe, followed by a stifled moan, and again the first warder lifted his cat to strike.

"Stop!" I cried; "he has fainted." It was true enough. "This youth has not strength to bear the full execution of his sentence, sir," I said, addressing the governor.

"Give the next prisoner his turn," said

Mr. Lambert to the warders. "Bring that boy round, doctor; he must have another taste of the lash when he revives. I generally give those youngsters three 'faints,' before I let them off any of their stripes. Teach them the lesson well at first, possibly they may not need to learn it again. Ha! ha!"

My art succeeded better than I had intended it should; and as soon as the governor saw the boy's eyes open, and his pale face tinged with color, he ordered him again to be bound. In vain I entreated for mercy.

"Can he bear it, sir, or can he not?" demanded Mr. Lambert, peremptorily.

"He will probably faint," I replied.

"Probably! is that all? Bind him, I say."

A long, death-like faint ensued after the

third lash. I put my veto on another stroke.

The being compelled to be present at the flogging was the most painful part of my duty at the Hulks. Often and often I got a poor fellow off several of his stripes, by alleging that he was not strong enough to bear them; yet even that, I found, in time, was a thankless office. Those very convicts whom I thus freed at one time, were sure to be brought up again for a similar offence at no very distant period.

I must say that I did not find the scene I had just witnessed any quickener to my appetite; but the governor cut and buttered his hot roll with evident relish, and I thought I detected in his keen eye a glance of commiseration for my *freshness*.

THE CASHMERE GOAT AND SHAWLS. — It is not as yet generally known that the Thibet goat, from whose wool the famous Cashmere shawls are made, has been introduced successfully into the United States. This enterprising undertaking was achieved a few years since, after many difficulties, by Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, S. C., at that time employed by the Ottoman Porte, in experimenting on the growth of cotton, in the Sultan's dominions. Dr. Davis succeeded, at vast expense, in securing eleven of the pure breed, which, on his way home, he exhibited in London and Paris. Since that period, the goat has been introduced from South Carolina into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. The value of a flock may be estimated from the fact that no real Thibet goat has ever been sold for less than a thousand dollars. This enormous price, moreover, is not a speculative one, for no fleeced animal has wool of such fineness, softness, and durability. The wool of all the Thibet goats in Tennessee, for example, has been engaged, at New-York, this year, at eight dollars and a half per pound, the purchasers designing to send it to Paisley, in Scotland, in order to be manufactured into shawls.

The prices paid for the real Cashmere shawls, or those woven in India, have sometimes been almost fabulous. A full sized shawl, such as is called in America a long shawl, ordinarily commands in Paris or London from five hundred to five thousand dollars, according to the quality. Scarfs and square shawls, being smaller, sell for less. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that all these shawls are manufactured in India, in the shape in which they are sold here. Generally, indeed, the centres and borders come out separately, and are put together afterwards in sizes, and often patterns, to suit purchasers. Moreover, a large portion of the shawls sold as real India ones are actually made in France, for the Thibet goat was introduced into that country more than thirty years ago, and the Cashmere shawls

imitated with considerable skill. Judges of the article pretend to say, however, that the real India shawl can be detected, by its having a less evenly woven web, as also from its brighter colors. It is likewise said, that the border of the genuine Cashmere shawls is invariably woven in small pieces, which are afterward sewed together, as the whole border is subsequently sewn on to the centre. But other authorities deny that the skill of India is insufficient to *broche* a shawl; in other words, to weave the border and centre in one piece, or run the pattern of the former over the latter.

Notwithstanding the successful imitation of these shawls, fashion and luxury still prefer the apparently ruder original. Just as laces, woven by hand, bring a price more than five times as great as the same pattern woven by machinery, so a Cashmere shawl, known to have come from India, will fetch vastly more than the cleverest imitation. Probably, however, this is not all. Persons familiar with both the article and the imitation, assert that the former is softer than the latter, and that this softness arises partly from the way the thread is spun, and partly because the Thibet goat, when exported from its native hills, sensibly deteriorates. There is also a shawl known popularly as the French Cashmere, which is an imitation of the imitation; but this has none or very little of the wool of the imported Thibet goat. The animal from which this valuable fleece is taken is a hardy creature, at least in its original locality; and their fine curled wool lies close to the skin, just as the under hair of the common goat lies under the upper hair. Eight ounces for a full-sized goat is a large yield, but the yearlings, from whom the best wool is taken, give less. About five pounds is required to make a shawl of the largest size and finer quality; but three or four pounds is sufficient for an inferior one. — *Philadelphia Ledger*.